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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

August 1982
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Inside... Berni Wrightson's
FREAK SHOW

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BOOKLET

NU VINYL

EAR MOVIES

The soundtrack album must be the world's second-most useless variety of vinyl.* As home listening, movie music platters almost never make it—they're either too fragmented (short, unrelated bits rarely leading to any climax or resolution), too repetitive (recurring motifs not treated to variations so much as costume changes), too hackneyed (suspiciously reminiscent of other high-recognition music, thanks to haste, laziness, and/or calculated button-pushing), or like beached whales, stranded without the visual context that supplies the reason for their existence. Film music fulfills a support capacity, so why expect it to be self-sufficient?

Somewhere though, some requisitely perceptive individual—dollar bills dribbling from atrophied ears—noted that film soundtracks make money. Ain't no revelation that records sell whether Lou thinks they deserve to or not (hmph), and millions of grinning slope-heads around the globe buy soundtrack albums for uncountable lame reasons. Most popular is the soundtrack-as-souvenir stratagem, in which the album jacket is packed with reminders of the film (lotsa color pix), causing the greenback-waving hordes to descend, eager to relive the experience (the same hordes similarly ingests "novelizations"). Forget finding any useful info on the jacket (like who played that mean licorice-stick solo) and be satisfied with the composer's name. Next is the merchandising spin-off maneuver, in which anything associated with the property is packaged or licensed to hook in more bucks. This requires market-savvy forethought in choosing a composer/singer/songwriter (beyond judging suitability to the film) to target the vinyl consumer and radio programmer (each on-air spin plugs the movie).

Once in a while, film music departs from the merely functional. Composers like Miklos Rozsa and Max Steiner employed the traditional orchestral toolbox to color backgrounds, fill spaces, and aurally enhance the drama of numerous H-wood golden-agers. **Louis and Bebe Barron's** *Forbidden Planet* bio-mechanical siren-shrieks expanded the film scorer's range into the electronic realm in 1956, with **Walter Carlos's** music for *A Clockwork Orange* adding refinement fifteen years later (both these groundbreaking efforts are still available: the former from Planet Records, Box 3977, Beverly Hills, CA 90212, and the latter on Columbia's *Walter Carlos's Clockwork Orange*, not the Warner Bros. official soundtrack LP).

BLUP BLIP SCREEE

BLUP BLIP

Giorgio Moroder, Vangelis, and Tangerine Dream are just about the only movie-music makers that do anything for me these days (the great Ennio Morricone still pops up, but far too infrequently). Europe-native Moroder first struck gold with his Oscarized *Midnight Express* soundtrack, fared less well with *American Gigolo* (an abysmal film that spawned Blondie's massive "Call Me" hit), and he's now produced his best work for Paul Schrader's repulsively twisted *Cat People* (Boardwalk/MCA). Opening with the film's closer, Bowie's melodramatically crooned "Putting Out Fire," the LP concocts a visceral blend of distant voodoo drums, melancholic melodies, and meowing synths (been listening to John Hassell, Giorgio?). A superb soundtrack that's as listenable on record as it is effective on screen, lending tension and pathos to an otherwise lowly undertaking.

Greek synthesist/composer **Vangelis Papathanassiou** (surname considerately dropped for Yankee linguistic cripples) has been busier than a Beverly Hills coke dealer since a bit of his 1975 *Heaven and Hell* LP was nicked for the Cosmos theme song. Though he's scored a bunch of cross-pond film and TV projects, it took last year's nostalgia laxative *Chariots of Fire* (Polydor) to snatch America's reluctant attention. Its stirring, stiff-upper-lip romanticism has penetrated so profoundly into the collective inner ear that a TV commercial knock-off has already appeared. Since this Academy-certified bonanza, Vangelis has provided undistinguished (and unrecorded) incidental music for Costa-Gavras's *Missing*, and on as yet unsampled accompaniment to *Blade Runner* (a Polydor LP that should be skating into the stores any minute now).

French-Canadian Cro-Magnon co-production *Quest for Fire* could've used a Moroder or Vangelis to add pizazz in the LP dept. Theater-bound **Philippe Sarde's** music holds up fine (esp. the evocatively reedy Pan flutes), but on the turntable (courtesy of RCA Red Seal) many minutes of blustery, hysterical horns and whooping-crane violins add up to a meandering fizzle.

Randy Newman was an unlikely—and inspired—choice to score Robert Altman's filming of *Ragtime* (though Newman's ancestry certainly fits: uncles Lionel, Emil, and Alfred were all respected movie-musos). Newman thankfully made the final cut (unfortunately Buffalo Bob didn't and was replaced by Milos Forman), and the resulting album (Elektra) is exactly the shy, understated gem one hoped it would be. Newman's compiling piano has always recalled a hungover, Joplinesque stagger, so his idiosyncratic pastiches congenially coexist with the real thing here. Extra bonus is "Change Your Way," a brief ditty snipped from the film that features Newman's inimitable drowning mumble.

Of minor interest is **Bowie's** "original soundtrack" for German junkie-hooker docudrama *Christiane F.* (RCA). Little more than an assemblage from the label's back catalogue (*Station to Station* thru *Scary Monsters*), the disc features a handful of truncated DB familiarities and (sole points of interest) a live "Station to Station" and a half-kraut "Heroes." For completists only.

A film like **David** (*Elephant Man* and soon *Dune*) **Lynch's** 1978 *Eraserhead* doesn't come along every day (don't think I'd like it to), and not unexpectedly, the just-released soundtrack (IRS) ain't what you'd call a funeful singalong. Cued by the film's industrial-age

never-dream paranoia motif, the music consists mostly of urban ambient noise amplified into malevolence (with the addition of some Fats Waller fragments, bits of dialogue, and the wonderful "In Heaven" song co-written by Lynch and Peter Ivers, covered by Tuxedomoon on the *Live at the Deaf Club* compilation). Not music so much as sonic mood signals. Welcome to Lynch's nightmare.

—Lou Stathis

*The first Comedy LPs, of course (except London Lee's), with al writers reading their works outing in a close third.

SCREEN AXER

Jimmy Page continues his tradition of utilizing unusual and/or experimental sounds with his soundtrack for *Deathwish II* (Swan Song). Hardcore Led Zeppelin fans might be put off at first by overbearing or depressing pieces, but Page is only expanding on concepts he previously toyed with.

Led Zeppelin have always included acoustic numbers on their LPs, and some of the tracks on *Deathwish II* are a natural outgrowth of earlier compositions. "The Rain Song" is one of them. Another, "Carole's Theme," is wonderfully tender, using an orchestra to gently caress the character and her situation.

"Who's to Blame," "City Sirens," "Jam Sandwich," "The Release," and "Hypnotizing Ways (Oh Mamma)"—all featuring Page's signature riffs, fills, and leads—could have easily fit onto *L.Z.'s Presence* or in through *the Out Door*. Where Page's guitar used to dominate, here he mixes the other instruments with a more even hand.

Album blemishes like "The Chase" might work well within the film's context, but are just too depressing for home listening. Also, British blues vet Chris Farlowe delivers a particularly sucky vocal on the ill-advised opener "Who's to Blame."

Everybody isn't going to like *Deathwish II*, but considering Page's earlier work, no fan should really be surprised or shocked by it. It's definitely worth the effort.

—Annette Collica

The surreal hallucinatory and energized art of **Andy Warhol** is the core of a hot new import from West Germany, *Andy Warhol: Das Graphische Werk 1962-1980* (distributed by Castelli Graphics, 4 East 77 Street, New York, NY 10021). This book, by Herman Wünsche and Warhol himself, functions as a kind of Rosetta stone into the pale prince's most recent photolithographic experiments—experiments that have become the medium of choice for today's avant-garde.

The medium consists of photographs (in Warhol's case, of Mao Tse-tung, Jimmy Carter, sex parts, skulls, etc.) that have been enlarged, Tempera-colored, somewhat rearranged, blotched and streaked, and otherwise funked with, and then run off as lithographs. A special kind of picture results—an icon of sorts—given its unique significance by the artist's particular placement of wildly colored streaks and smears. These wickedly glowing photolithographs can turn a downtown Manhattan art gallery into a holy place of marred, yet magical, artifacts.

In this way, Warhol transforms Jimmy Carter into a malevolently grinning madman—stripping away that ex-president's "down home" camouflage and revealing a gape-jawed mad-eyed beast that is bent upon ripping open the belly that is Ma and Pa gathered around the TV set. It is truly unsettling.

The piece entitled "Sex Parts" is a stunningly sleazy vision of vibrant pornography. The photos seem pulled from newsprint-smeared skin books, yet are somehow elevated by Warhol to become a mythopoeia of structuralized arcana—the hieroglyphs of a vanished civilization. The grubbily physical becomes the untouchably ionized.

—Gus Palulas

CHEAP SHRILLS

Barry Bostwick in *Megaforce*

A scene from Steven Spielberg's *E.T.*

Poltergeist

Hyped as a "science horror story," *Poltergeist* is really the thinking family's *Amityville Horror*. Lackadaisically directed by Tobe (*The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*) Hooper from a dreadful Steven Spielberg screenplay, this supernatural spin-off terrorizes the polyester denizens of your average suburban tract house. Trying your patience as well as your disbelief are the violent but unscary intrusions from the beyond, which attack mom, dad, big sister, little brother, and darling baby. One of the big, bad "superfox" irresistibly but not permanently, draws baby girl into the TV set. An oak tree crashes through little pro's bedroom window as wind, smoke, and light machines (the real stars of the picture) swirl endlessly. Dad fails miserably (he should have left it to Beaver) to rescue his brood from the gaggle of vengeful spirits who once inhabited the graveyard that the family's ticky-tacky box is built on. A team of parapsychologists from the Yellow Pages is called in to perform an exorcism on the possessed house. Boiling. According to Spielberg, every fourth person you know has encountered a poltergeist (does Casper the friendly one count?). If by chance you haven't seen one and want to, check out this dumb ghost story and get it over with.

Megaforce

With its twenty-first century rapid deployment unit, *Megaforce*, an equipment junkie's circle jerk, should be retitled *Barry* (commander Ace Hunter) *Bostwick and the Moto-Cruiser Meet Smokey and the Bandit*. Action freaks stunt-men gonzoles, and war-motorcycle connoisseurs will drool over the latest movie fashions in video war rooms, Spandex soldier garb, and the grown-up tiny toy moto-fighter cycles, moto-destroyers (car-tank combos), and moto-cruisers (mobile shelters). Forget noncharismatic Bostwick's bogus extermination of mercenaries from a small democratic European nation (an excuse to show off Tac Com's pristine 360-degree laser weaponry) and run amok in the fiber-optic funland of sophisticated intelligence gathering systems—where the real hot shit action is. My favorite tel-com bugger zeroes in on military conversations in any country and pipes them back to Megaforce's listening post, by which time the info's obsolete.

Tron

For the first time since the disastrous *Black Hole*, the Disney folks have gotten hip to the formula of how to manufacture animated flicks through microchips (for the family that plays video games together and stays glued to cable TV together). As obsessed as they once were with beguiling animals and anthropomorphic objects (Alice in Wonderland's talking doorknob), the gang from Disney World tackles the confusion, competition, and communication breakdowns between people and computers in *Tron*. The movie represents the thrust of Uncle Walt's progeny to compete with George Lucas's Industrial Light and Magic Company and Douglas Trumbull's without-glasses Showscan 3-D process (be on the lookout for it in his forthcoming *Brainstorm* and *Million*). In glistening, electric kool-aid-colored grids, video-game inventor and crazed computer hack Jeff Bridges literally becomes "Pac Man." When he tries to avenge the big brother conglomerate he thinks has stolen his ideas, Bridges is sucked up and digitalized inside a computer. But our right stuff space invader fights his way out of the blinding "Videoid" (shades of the minotaur).

Dungeon and Dragon fanatics will love *Tron* because, in the great Disney animation tradition, it gratifies through manipulation. Director Steven Lisberger kaleidoscopically choreographs live action with computer graphics to merge 3-D-ish sets, characters, and experiences. And, yes, there's a get-government-off-our-backs moral: the electric and light beings inside the computer want to overthrow the program which controls their destinies. Dazzling but empty techno-anarchy.

Kurt Russell stalks *The Thing*

Flying girl from *Poltergeist*

Jeff Bridges in *Tron*

The Wall

Sleeper of the summer of movie glob bag, director Alan (*Fame*) Parker's high-voltage cinematic reconstruction of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, starring Boomtown Rats vocalist Bob Geldof, gets the ken (Tommy-drowns-in-psychedelia) Russell Award for meaningful rock and roll filmmaking. Revelling in a rock star's nervous breakdown (mock-alienation at its best and most excessively self-indulgent—don't you love to watch the rich and famous suffer?), this opus was shot to the swing and sway of 24 and twenty-five additional minutes of bassist Roger Waters's music, which includes the new "When the Tigers Broke Free" (images of William Blake). The big treat of this debacle can't help but be the confection-colored visuals by Gerald Scarfe, who did the arresting and comfortably numb *Nea-no-wave* animation for *The Wall* concert tour. Intricate Escher-esque graphics collide with kitschy Seymour Chwast creatures as another celluloid brick dissolves into the wall of all flesh.

The Thing

Who can resist *The Thing*, an extraterrestrial monster mash concocted by shlock-as-art director John (*The Fog*) Carpenter and starring macho miscalculator Kurt (*Escape from New York*) Russell? Is the whatchamacallit that fell from the sky, lay buried for 100,000 years, and now roams free to attack, a bird, a plane, or a microbe? Big hint: it hides in the warmest place of all—Man. Definitely worth shelling out five bucks for, *The Thing* is a stunning visceral update of Howard Hawks's too classic *The Thing from Another World*, based on John W. Campbell, Jr.'s sf short "Who Goes There?" To his meditation on the monster in all men's souls, Carpenter adds the inescapable and biogenetic primordial link between earthlings and our extraterrestrial counterparts, both intelligent and non-intelligent. Ever the auteur purist, the director deserves applause for restoring the existential contest and tension of Campbell's novella, i.e., destroying the "thing" becomes secondary to identifying it. Carpenter also gets an A+ for inventing a genuinely terrifying and conceptually designed avant-garde monster.

E.T.

Talk about beating a gimmick to death in the 1982 sf box office mega-sweepstakes; how many ways can you exploit good, bad, and benign extraterrestrials before terminal visual and mental constipation sets in for filmmaker and audience alike? In *E.T.*, movie mogul Steven Spielberg trots out ten-year-old, suburban latch-key orphan Elliot Taylor (will he grow up to be Dan?), who's befriended by a lovable Muppetlike extraterrestrial with a wide-eyed resemblance to Kermit the frog. Before too long, the meanies in white space suits take the creature, who's 300 million light years from home, away from his human playmate (please note earth child and space pet have the same initials—E.T. begging the question that they are one and the same or at least astral twins). Never one for subtlety, writer/director Spielberg, who's labeled *E.T.* "a sf fable for the 1980s" (puke), overloads the movie with cosmic verbal hardware and not enough fast and furious special effects of the Close Encounters variety. The only shred of nobility in the film is good, little Elliott Taylor's efforts to return the alien to his planet before adorable E.T. can be turned into a sitcom, a Hollywood Square, or a one-time guest spot on a daytime soap.

—Daphne Davis

DUCK SUIT

Steve Gerber, who wrote many of Marvel Comics' strangest stories in the seventies, is suing his former employers for the rights to his star creation, "Howard the Duck." Legal duels with large corporations don't come cheap, however, so, in order to support his litigation, Gerber has enlisted the aid of his fellow cartoonists to produce a "lawsuit benefit" comic, **Destroyer Duck**, the profits of which will go straight into Gerber's legal purse.

As a group, comic book creators have never fell particularly well treated by the publishing companies, and several creators have leapt at the chance to help make life miserable for Marvel. Allies include Sergio "Mad" Aragones, Shary "Trots 'n' Bonnie" Flennikin, Neal Adams, and a half-dozen writers and artists for DC Comics, Marvel's biggest competitor. Even Jack Kirby, who, with honcho Stan Lee, created virtually the whole Marvel universe (including Fantastic Four, Thor, the Hulk, and the Silver Surfer), has aligned himself with Gerber: he drew the twenty-page lead story, a thoroughly nasty satire on Marvel's treatment of Gerber.

Destroyer Duck #1, in the traditional, shoddy four-color comic-book format, sells for a steep buck and a half (from Eclipse Enterprises, 81 Delaware Street, Staten Island, NY 10202), and will probably be a collector's item before the decade is out. Wanna buy a duck?

—Kim Thompson

Raw Rap
(in all one syllable words)

Raw is raw. So raw it spits. This bleed screed with a Phil Dick creed oukus punk pix, stark scrawls, *art noir* right in your phiz. It's the *Life* size mag of the Nu art Age. It's hot. How hot is it? Well, Charles Burns—as does the whole *Raw* crew. Would I lie?

You fall through holes to see *Raw & Flair* was a chic zine famed for die cut holes. *Raw 4* has the same kind of hair—holes for air—with a Charles Burns die cut front pic that leads to more Burns (ouch!) on page three. The pink *Raw* name at front top is then seen as pink raw meat on page three. What a switch! Christ die cut for your sins! But what's on page two? More holes—with one hole next to the SOLD OUT note for *Raw 1* and *2*. The great gag is a nil ad that "sells" space. Naught but nice. It's piss on ice.

Bound in is a flexi disc with the voice of Prez Ron cut up on tape and cut back new (sound by Doug Kahn and art by Sue Coe). The book length *Maus* by Raw co-ed. Art S. (with one part zer each *Raw*) is a sad look back at World War II drawn with a cast of Jew mice and Third Reich cats. War/raw—and so is *Maus*.

Look, kid, you can rid your lid of low bid vid with just one squint at a wild two page spread of ink splat pix that use as source the names of fix that start with "I." Raw picks up a mime strip from an old Ken mag, "I Won't Say a Word . . ." by that nut case Milt Gross. Nize! There's more jass, tight like that. Schwind slugs all the fits that are news to print, and Burns heats the sheets ("Flame on!") with a nine page gem told by a stange dude who gets off when a "beast" bites his neck. All in all, *Raw 4* is state of Art, each bit a choice one. $5.75 (by mail) takes it. Write: Raw Books, 27 Greene Street, New York, NY 10013.

—Shob

ALDISS AND MORE...

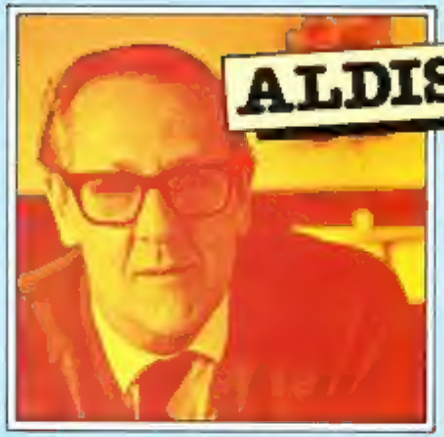
Science fiction is a particular form of fantasy although with regard to form and expression it generally clings to a somewhat faded realism, in content it comes remarkably close to dream, combining as it does both ancient and modern myth ingredients. In other words it seems, typically, to be something that it pretends not to be: surrealism covered by surface realism. This is tacitly admitted in the never-ending argument over whether it is or is not "escapism" [text-title evading].

—Brian Aldiss,
from The Shape
of Further Things

Like his characterization of the field he's chosen to work in, Brian W. Aldiss is a walking, writing contradiction. A literate adventurer in a land of feudal territorials, the fifty-seven-year-old writer, editor, critic, and traveler's loyalties balance equally between the power of tradition and the inevitability of change. Though some have called him a mainstream writer in sf drag, more likely his seemingly conflicting nature represents an integration of sensibilities vital to the survival of the science fiction dream. His latest novel, the monumental *Helliconia Spring* (Atheneum), is this synthesis made concrete. The first volume in an ambitious trilogy that could prove the capstone of Aldiss's bewilderingly varied career, *Helliconia Spring* combines Aldiss's gem-faceted prose with a compellingly rendered story, epic sweep, characters of uncommon humanity, an alien world of striking realization, and a new-found scientific scrupulousness. Comparisons with *Dune* are inevitable, but frankly the Herbert books just don't measure up. Aldiss is a singularly skilful talent.

Since publishing his first sf story, "Criminal Record," in 1954, Aldiss has continually shocked and surprised the science fiction world with his unconventional vision. His major novels include the Hugo-winning *Long Afternoon of Earth* (1962, aka *Hothouse*), *The Dark Light Years* (1964), the magnificent *Greybeard* (1964), the controversial, Robbe-Grillet-esque *Report on Probability A* (1968), the Joycean *Barefoot in the Head* (1969), and a spellbinding exercise in entropy, *The Malacia Tapestry* (1976). These books are still available in paperback from New American Library, Avon, and Ace—all are highly recommended (for different reasons). His "true history of Science Fiction," *Billion Year Spree*, is essential reading for any student of the genre. Recently published books include *An Island Called Moreau* (Timescape/Pocket Books), in which Aldiss updates H.G. Wells's classic novel to re-address moral questions first introduced by Wells and now altered by time and technology, and the collection, *New Arrivals, Old Encounters* (Avon), that brings together twelve stories from the past decade. "The Small Stones of Ju Fu" is a particular favorite. The following interview took place in a very appropriately British, book-lined library of one of Aldiss's New York publishers on March 15, 1982. He was—as he is by all reports—charming, witty, self-effacing, un-self-consciously articulate, and an all-around good Joe.

—Lou Stathis



Brian W. Aldiss

MM: What's a smart guy like you doing in a ghetto like this? Why have you tossed yourself down here in the sf gutter with the swine?

BA: But I love the swine! I owe the swine a great deal! While many of my models are some of the great nineteenth-century novelists, like Dickens and in particular Thomas Hardy, I also have this other streak running in me. When I was a kid, all the things I liked were not generated by the Baden-Powell obsessed world of the British Empire, in which of course I lived, but they all came from America. The films, the music I liked—blues, jazz, and popular songs—and the old science fiction pulps, which used to be shipped over here to be sold in Woolworth's. My fate was decided when I saw the first issues of John W. Campbell's *Astounding*. It was that slight foreign accent—American—that turned me on. I think that's how most people get into science fiction. Many people are highly xenophobic—they really fear the unknown. André Breton, the great surrealist, talks about "the loathing of the imagination." My other great passion is for things of the East. From about the age of eight I've been hooked on China. I had this mad idea that somehow if you stood on Chinese soil, you'd be transmuted in some mysterious way.

MM: Does this strong attraction for the exotic have anything to do with a lust for the future?

BA: Yes. I think so. And also my feelings of boredom with provincial English life, which I was stuck in as a kid. Anything seemed better.

MM: How come you didn't "grow" out of it? Considering your education, I would think that sf and related trash would've been taken from you—a young gentleman shouldn't read stuff with spaceships and big-busted women on the cover. Why didn't you leave it behind?

BA: I suppose I still like big-busted women. No... the answer is very complex, to be sought out when one's own personality. There is indeed very little science fiction now that I can read with pleasure. So, in the sense you mean, I probably have grown out of science fiction, with a very few exceptions—such as the late and very lamented Philip K. Dick, who I really think was a genius. His *A Scanner Darkly*, for instance, was a fantastic and shattering book. There's a line of Pushkin's—and this is where I feel a kinship with Dick—that says, "I wanted to lay waste the hearts of men." Well, that's what I think Dick does. I also wanted to lay waste the hearts of men, but unfortunately in myself I found the fatal gift of entertainment. I would like to entertain less, and do some more laying waste—and this is what I like about *Helliconia*. I bloody well lay waste a bit.

But what this means is that I've always had a faith in science fiction, not as a genre, but as a mode which, like surrealism, offers an alternative to realism. I think it was realism in the novel that I couldn't handle, or didn't want to handle.

MM: It wasn't enough?

BA: No. It was insufficient for the wacko world in which we live. That was the whole point. And this is why I think sf has really got something. That it does treat the world as some weird mythological entity, while at the same time looking for root causes—how did we get to be this way, where did we go wrong, where will we go next? These are all profound philosophical questions, however often they're treated inadequately, and they remain enduring questions and a source of excitement for any writer. There is a double-bind here when I talk to the science fiction field. I speak in one voice while if I'm talking to the general public, I really defend sf. This is a situation all of us in the field come against—Sturgeon's Law: 90 percent of everything is crap (and maybe at the moment 99 percent of everything is crap)—but when you get a non-science fiction audience you have to say to them, "Look, you bastards, do you realize what this is about? It's about very important questions!" I've spent so many years fighting for sf writers—not just for myself—to be judged on their own merits, rather than as if their works were some giant defecation by some enormous space creature. The sf writers I know are all different; they write different things.

MM: You've certainly made a career out of writing different things. Do you think the incredible variety of your books has hurt you?

BA: Yes, certainly financially, but you also have to live as a man, and I think that I've had a very exciting life and I'm still having it. In a sense I think *Helliconia* gets a lot of things together that have been in my previous novels. Yes, there was no consistent universe in these novels, and maybe no consistent style, but we live in the twentieth century where there isn't any consistent style. But there are consistent themes in my books. You can't escape the basic conceptions that bug you throughout life—conceptions about the nature of truth, the difficulty of handling wisdom. The whole theme of failure fascinates me. I never write about supermen, only underdogs.

MM: The idea of change comes up a lot, and the frictions that work against it—like Malacia Tapestry, or particularly *Report on Probability A*, which was so damn static it drove me out of my mind.

BA: Yes, well, I thought if one tackles the subject of change, one should also deal with its opposite.

MM: Stasicity.

BA: Yes, stasicity. And of course in *Probability A* it's stasicity to the nth degree. But if you look at it as somewhat of a stylistic exercise, whatever it did for me was to clarify my style, to burn my boats inwardly. What *Probability A* did for me was to confirm to myself that I was a writer, and to a certain extent—I would hate for my publisher to hear me say this—invulnerable.

MM: Did you intend to alienate readers you courted in the past?

BA: I didn't deliberately set out to estrange my readers. I had misconceptions about the traditional sf reader—I thought they wanted what they said they wanted, which was surprises. But it turned out that they didn't want *that* much of a surprise. What they wanted was old themes with small variations. With *Probability A* I set out to write a surrealist mystery, and I think that its intentions as art—whatever its failures are—are good. But it is my only book in which absolutely nothing happens, because I don't think I could bear it myself a second time.

BRIAN ALDISS'S TEN BOOKS TO BE LOCKED IN AN INDIAN URINAL WITH:

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*
Alejo Carpentier, *The Lost Steps*
D. M. Thomas, *The White Hotel*
Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*
Doris Lessing, *The Sirian Experiments*
J. T. Fraser, *Of Time, Passion & Knowledge*
Barbara Tuchman, *A Distant Mirror*
Stanley Gooch, *Total Man*
James Boswell, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Simon Leys, *Chinese Shadows*

Photograph by Jerry Bauer

SF RETREADS

Science fiction may be going down for the third time. Ever since the sixties, we've seen some stunning pieces come stumbling out of the ghetto attached to names like Dick, Delany, or Disch, but enough writers are busy rehashing tired plots and clinging to outdated conventions in order to convince anyone that it's a ghetto and proud of it.

Writers like **M. K. Wren** and **Mike McQuay** are even mining other genres' clichés for product pointers. In the *Phoenix Legacy* trilogy (Berkley), Ms. Wren steps a futuristic veneer onto an absolutely predictable family saga and waits for the crossover audience of middle-aged women to make her rich. Mike McQuay uses a somewhat classier source. He sticks ray guns and jumpsuits into Raymond Chandler's *The Big Sleep*, calls it *Hot Time in Old Town* (Bantam), and ends up with a three-book contract for his efforts. Reflex of bygone glories like **James Berry**'s Gus Stanbrite (Bantam) repeat all the hoary clichés of space opera with none of the original's innocent charms. And even when critically acclaimed funniers come to play in the ghetto, they repeat all the old mistakes. **Stanislaw Lem**'s *Pirx the Pilot* (Avon) has nothing to say that wasn't said already (and probably better) in any 1950 *Amazing* you can find. What's scary about these books is that they all end up indistinguishable from sf's best in the bookstores.

Worst of all is when something like **Barry Longyear**'s tired regurgitations of *The Greatest Show on Earth* (*City of Baraboo*, Circus World, and Elephant Song, from Berkley) stack clichés ton top of stereotype on top of banality and then collect every award in sight. Are we masochistic, or is nobody really reading this stuff anymore?

If sf readers want to relive those wonderful days of yesteryear, they should look to our senior statesmen instead of making do with these modern-day copy queens. Berkley's just released *Monsters*, three collection of pure pulp **Fred Pohl** novellas from the forties—this is the real item, not a calculated crib job from a corporate writer. Or if you want to study the pulps, Playboy Press recently released **Phil Farmer**'s seriously twisted but definitive biographies of Doc Savage (*His Apocalyptic Life*) and Tarzan (*Tarzan Alive*).

But if you absolutely must reward rehashed mediocrity, grab Jove's *No Frills Science Fiction*. You know, one of those books that looks like brandless toilet paper with no blurbs, cover copy, or author name and a guarantee of rocket ships, robots, gorgeous women, and high adventure—all at its mindless, misogynist best. In fact, since this book was done only for the money by an ex sf-editor, and since it's so desperately bad we should probably watch for it on next year's award lists. It would be a fitting token of our self-esteem.

—Bob Mackey

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ABOVE THE GINGERBREAD ROOFTOPS OF THE SMALL GERMAN HAMLET THE MARCH SKY IS A SICKLY YELLOW-GRAY, THICK WITH THE OPPRESSION OF UNWANTED RAIN. FOR DAYS THERE HAS BEEN AN UNENDING, MELANCHOLY DRIZZLE...
MOST OF THE VILLAGERS ARE HUDDLED WITHIN THEIR HOMES IN FRONT OF A WARM, SOUL-REVIVING FIREPLACE. IT IS EVENTIDE...
EXCEPT FOR THE CRACKLING OF LOGS AND CONTINUAL PATTER OUTSIDE, THE VILLAGE IS QUIET, RESTING FROM THE WEEK'S LABOR. THERE IS SOLITUDE... THERE IS REST...
THERE IS SOUND...
CLAK CLAK
LUDWIG, WAS ISS DAT?
YAS NUTTINK, JIM BAJARE...
CLAK
CLAK
VEE SEE NOW...
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK

FREAK SHOW
BRUCE T.
COLORED BY: BERN WRIGHT
LETTERED BY: MICHELLE WRIGHT
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK

CLAK
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK

A
A HOOK MISSES THE COILED FIGURE BY INCHES AND
A BLADE BOLTS EASTWARD ON LEGS OF LIGHTNING. THE
CIRCLE TURNS AS ONE AS AN UMBRELLA BLOOMS.
SOMEWHERE, FAR, FAR, MOTHER TIME GATHER
HER SCARLET ROBE AND WIPES A SPECK FROM THE
EDGE OF HER SCYTHE.
YIN
FRIENDS,
I WILL BE
BACK
SOON.
AFTER
ALL, FREE OF
TORMENT A PERSON
HUMANITY IS
NOTHING TO MORTALS
BUT A SICK
CITY. THE PAST
IS DEAD.
BUT BE CAREFUL.
I SHOW YOU THIS
MUCH HOOKLES,
BEHIND THIS NET
TERFED CURTAIN.
I'LL TELL YOU
A BRIEF
A TALE OF GUILT
FERING AND SORROW.
OF VICTORY AND
REPENTANCE OF
HUMAN ACTION
AND FA
IT BEGAN
TWENTY YEARS AGO
IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF
A TOWN NOT UNLIKE THIS
ONE. ON AN EVENING
NOT UNLIKE THE
ONE BEFORE
US

HER NAME WAS RELA. SHE LIVED ALONE IN A SHACK NEAR THE EDGE OF A GREAT WOODS WHERE NO MAN WALKED. NO BIRD SANG.
SHE COULD NOT REMEMBER THE LAST TIME SHE HAD BROKEN BREAD WITH
SHE COULD NOT REMEMBER THE LAST TIME SOMEONE HAD SPOKEN TO HER OR A SINGLE ANOTHER END-TIME LIFE THAT WAS NOT
FROM THE LOOK ON THE DOCTOR'S FACE AS HE STARED WIDE E[illegible] INTO HER CAGE.
FROM THE SHARP STONES [illegible] IN HER BIG SCHOOL-MATES
FROM THE ABSOLUTE REJECTION OF MAN AND BEAST ALIKE
FROM THE CERTAINTY THAT [illegible] EXAMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP [illegible] TO KEEP HER FROM HER GROUP WHICH LACKS LOVE.

THERE WERE FEW TEARS THAT FIGHT
REMORSE
OVER THE FINAL ACT OF
HAD BEEN RE-LEARNED
SO MANY
BEFORE
THROUGH THE RAGGED CURTAIN A RECTANGULAR OBJECT APPEARED SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE RAIN-SWEPT HILLS JUTTING UPWARD LIKE A DARK SENTINEL A STROBIC FLARE OF LIGHTNING REVEALED A BRIGHTLY PAINTED SHOW WAGON A MAGNIFICENT SHOW HORSE A DARK AND ALSO FIGURE BEHIND THE REINS

SHE HAD NEVER SEEN THE SHACK FROM BEFORE. YET EVERYTHING COMPELLED HER CAREFUL
SHE HAD NEVER SEEN THE SHACK INSIDE AS THE BEINGS YET HER FEARS WERE STRANGELY QUELLED.
AND WHEN THE DEEP, RESONANT VOICE SETTLED OVER HER, IT WAS LIKE THE LOVING FOLDS OF A WARMING BLANKET
GIVE ME THE RAZOR, CHILD
NOW GIVE ME YOUR HAND
A CHOKED SOB OF UNBELIEVING HELPLESSNESS BROKE IN DEJAS THOUGHT SHE'D BEEN STRONG. GENTLE ARMS
KEEP IT, MORE CHILD
HIS NAME WAS ROBERT HE HAD LIVED IN A SHACK BUILT BY HIS OWN HANDS ALL HIS YOUNG LIFE
ALONE
TONIGHT HE WOULD DIE IN THE SHACK BY HIS OWN HANDS.

IT WAS A HANDSOME BOY
AND HIS FACE HAD
HE HAD A SKELETAL FRAME STILL
CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK

LAK
CLAK
LAK
SOMETHING THAT RADIATED A STRANGE WARMTH ACROSS THE MILES OF FREEZING SNOW
GIVE ME THE ROPE MY CHILD
NOW GIVE ME YOUR HAND
WEEP NO MORE MY CHILD
I WILL COME

THE VOYAGE OF
THOSE FORGOTTEN

WHAT? A VILLAGE HAS TAKEN OFF!

THE END

I GUTTERED FOR A MOMENT
GUARDS AT THE GATE WILL KNOW THE SECRETS OF THE MAGIC CIRCLE AND FIND OUT WHO DARED TO SCRATCH ITS SURFACE

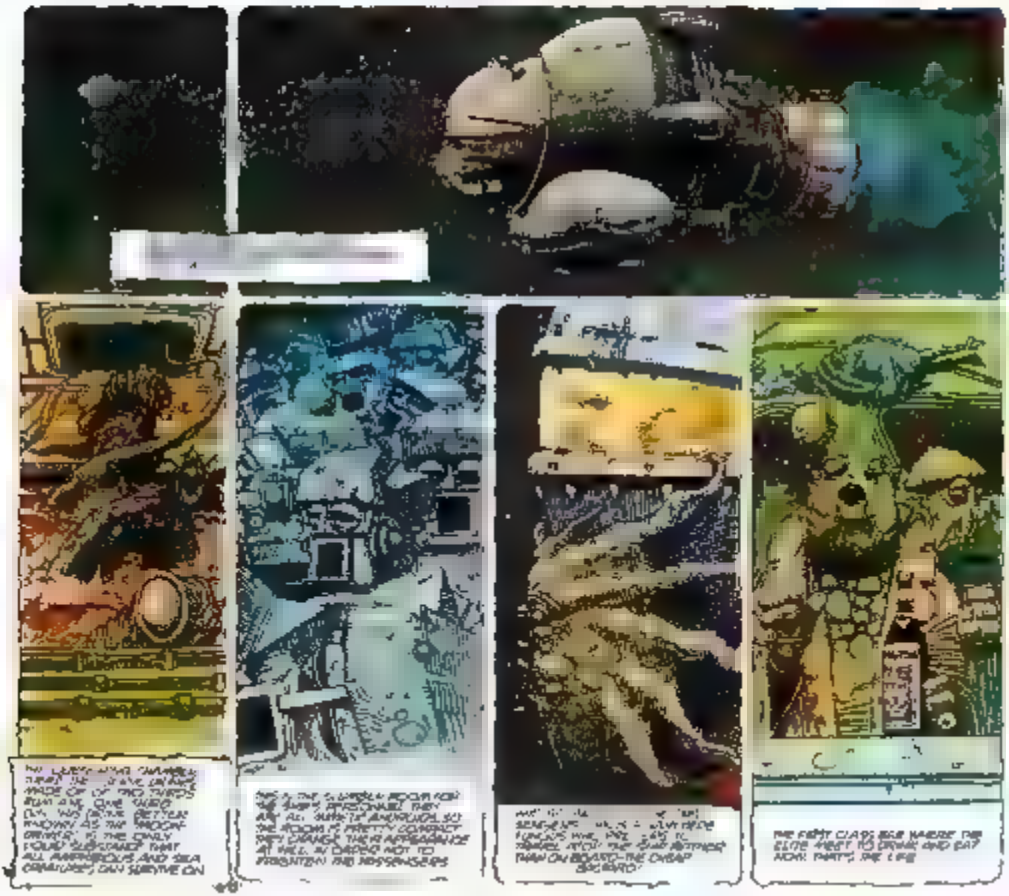
STEAK!

August

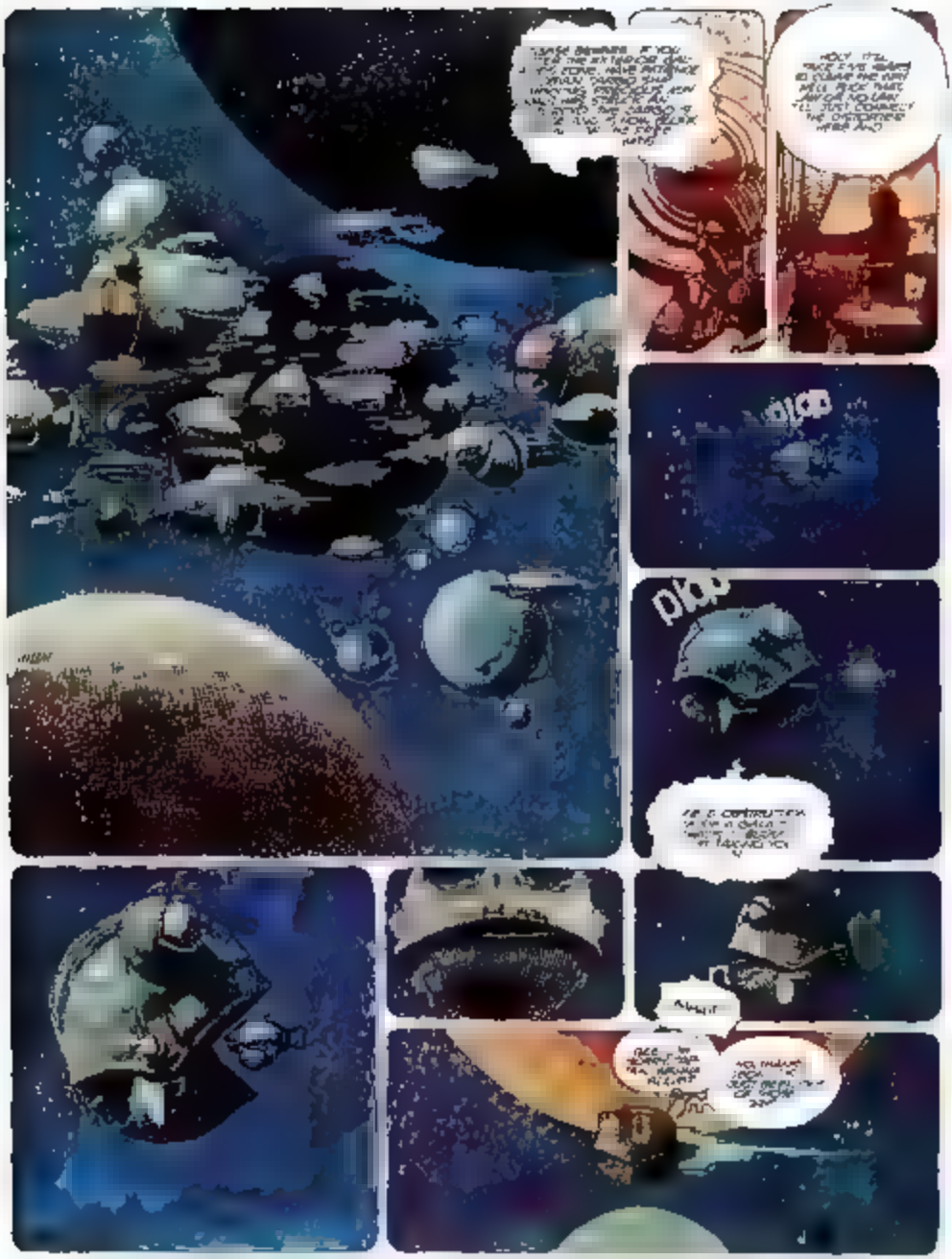
AMUSING STORIES

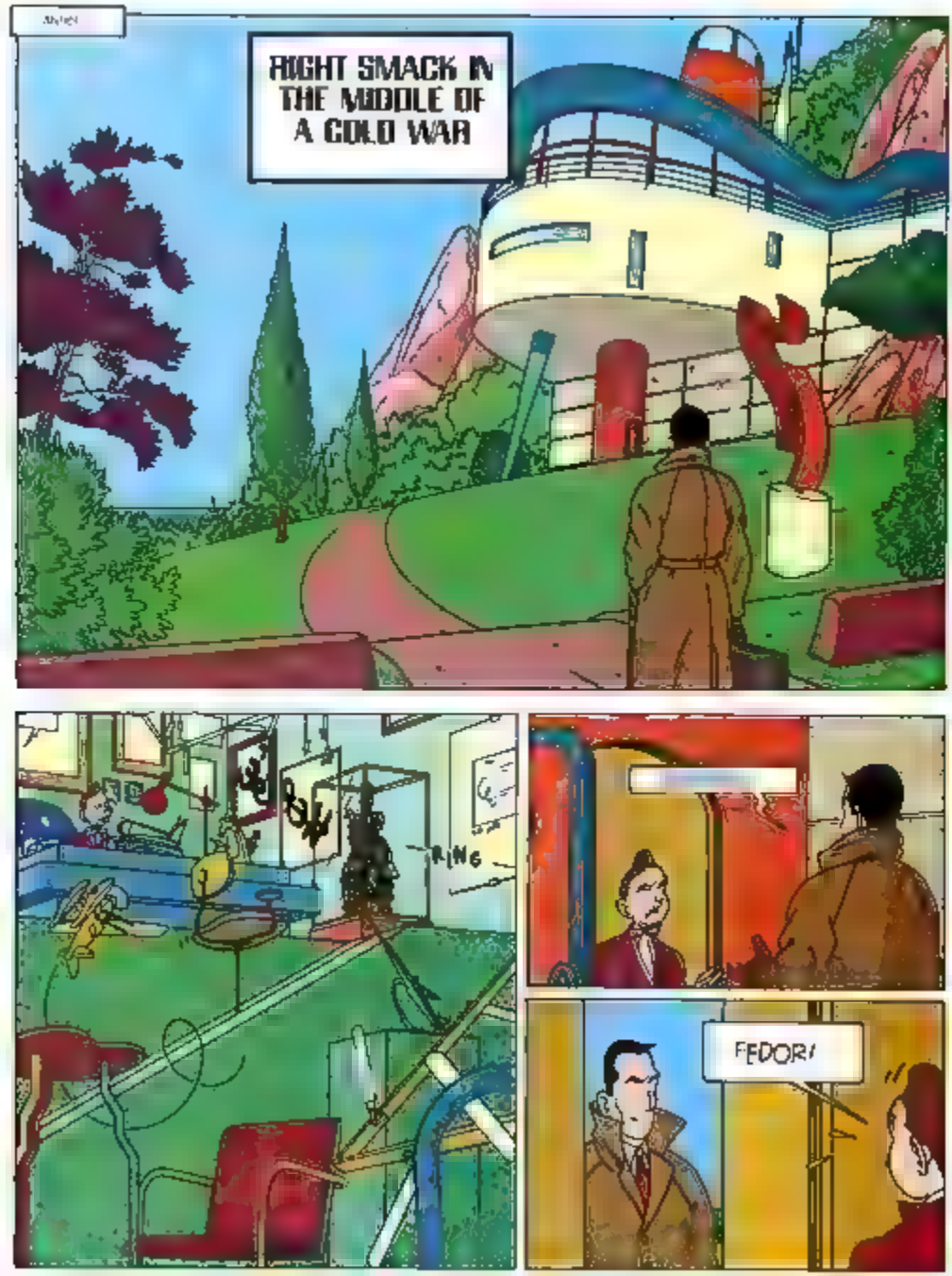
A DAY IN THE LOG OF THE CITY OF ALGER

BY DIONNET AND BILAL

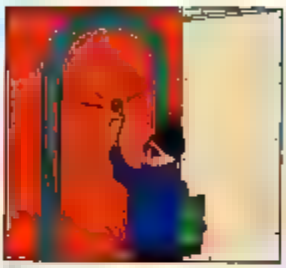


AAAAAAAAAA
RED RED ALERT ALERT
RED ALERT RED ALERT


DIGO
DIGO


RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A COLD WAR
RING
FEDOR!

What a luxury location! Confucian ornaments & pretty local live business hum?
Ah yes, d'jeu. And so my dear friend, your repertoire will arrive in once again
your debt? But you don't owe us one thing, Anton!
I could refuse, this time factor, I believe I've paid my debt!
You belong to us! No one remembers my dear time might be the right???
A dangerous moment in our dangerous
WHAT? My debt? Make you know how right do us



[illegible] ...ow!
...ndy! ...e the two of you in our s...udio! What the HE** are you up to?!
Hi Dad. Hi Mom.
Hi Dad. Hi Mom. Why look on the bright side of everything? It's maybe to your regret years that little Mitchell here won first place in the Disney com...tes... and we of course like the fine people we...
...a private luncheon with Mr. Disney himself!
In fact we happened that our organization has been try...ng to meet this man for quite some time now.
...but we're going to an orchestra Disney.
...ow!

Disney

ANTIME
You see, I am a Honeywell 4400 robot, conceived by Jean-Luc Langlet. Here on to your single espionage game. Face it, Peter Fleckovitch, you've lost!
But let's be the good soldiers about this, now go home and get some rest. We'll see you at the office tomorrow.
Why did you let him go?

Team: Jason Lee, Louis Tech Promotion

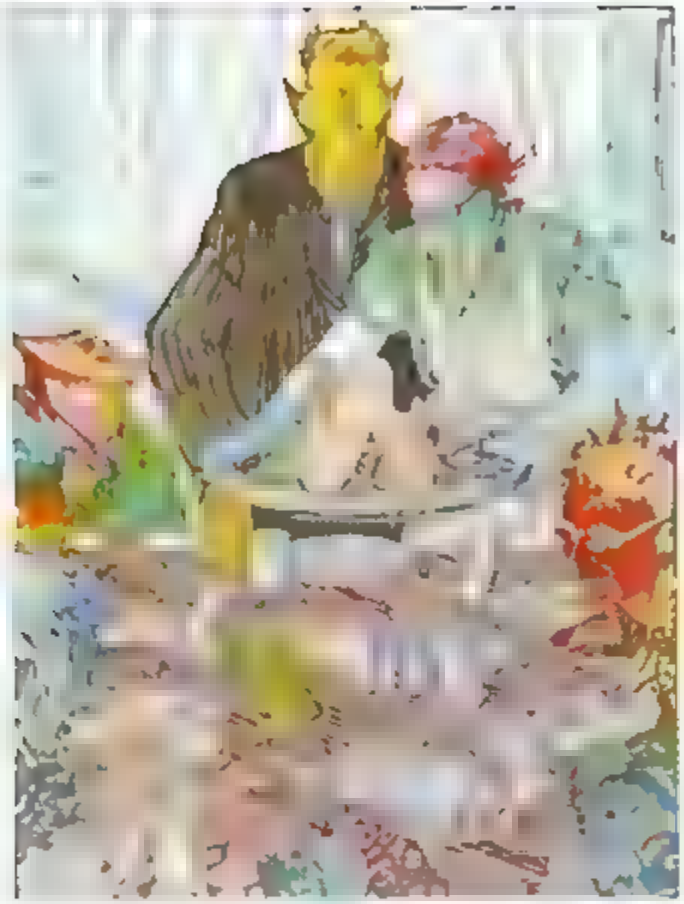
It has been said: There's nothing like the real thing, baptiste. How true these words are when applied to the paintings you have before you. Priceless works of modern sculpture. Do these surprise you? Well they should for these artists are among the top [illegible] these never before seen on Earth pieces will offset to bargain the [illegible] Bidding on offer for the Intergalactic Museum for a [illegible]

Classics from the Intergalactica Museum

Michael Green

[illegible] robot painter for the 5th [illegible] engraving from the Galaxy 5 1004

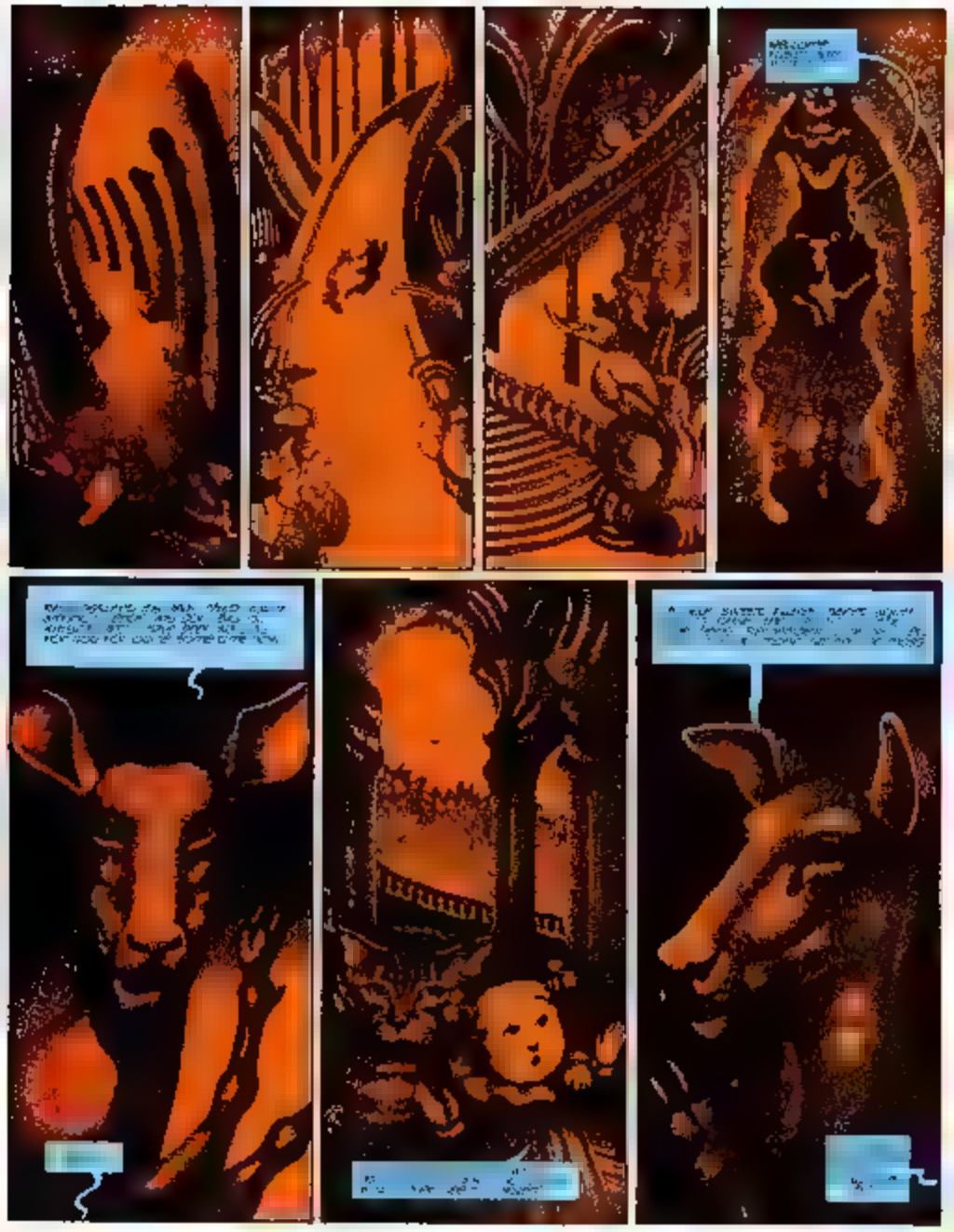
This is the most self-portrait of the [illegible] [illegible] Arabia [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



THE FINAL TAP BY CAZA

The Story of the Flaxen-haired Princess, the Beautiful Doe, and Big Ol' Kittycat

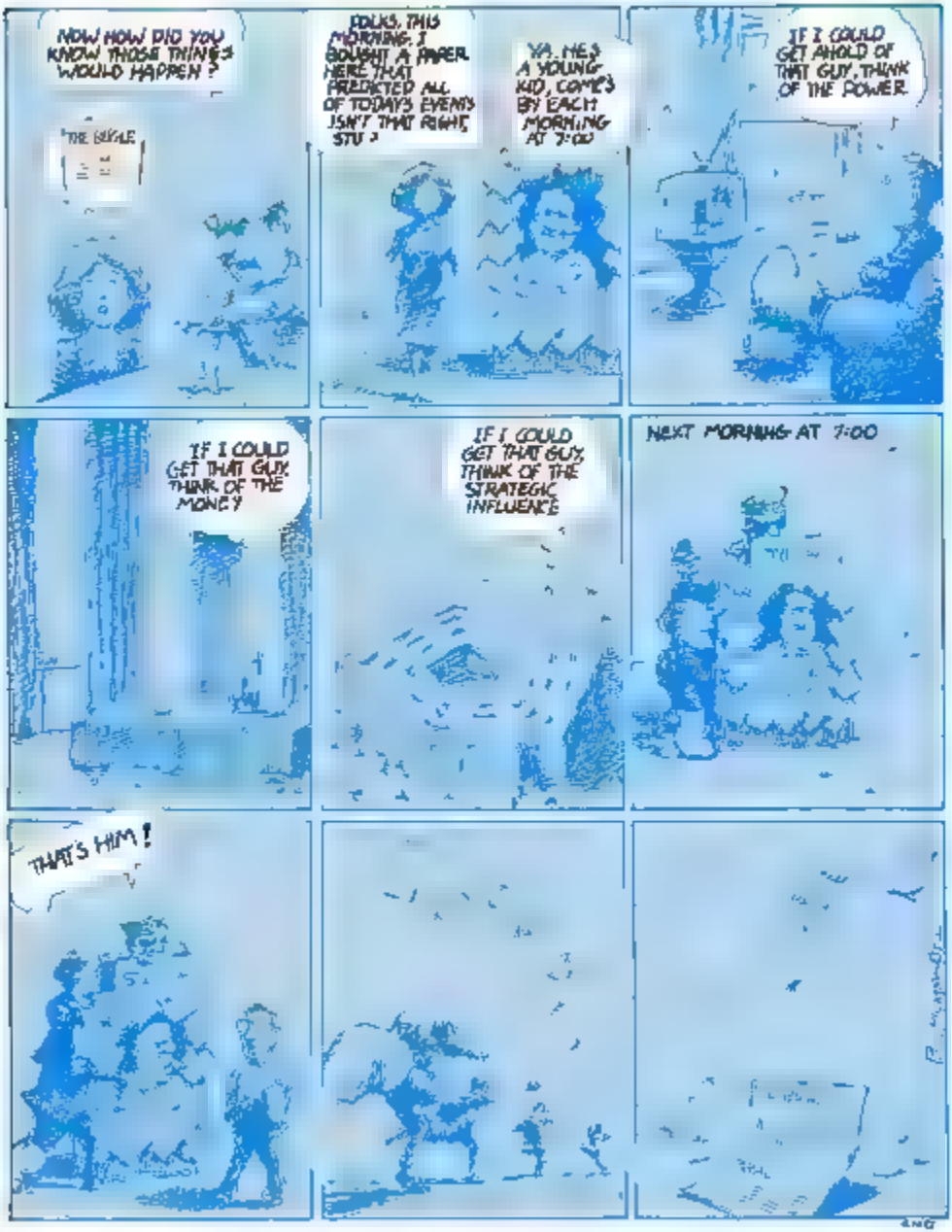
!



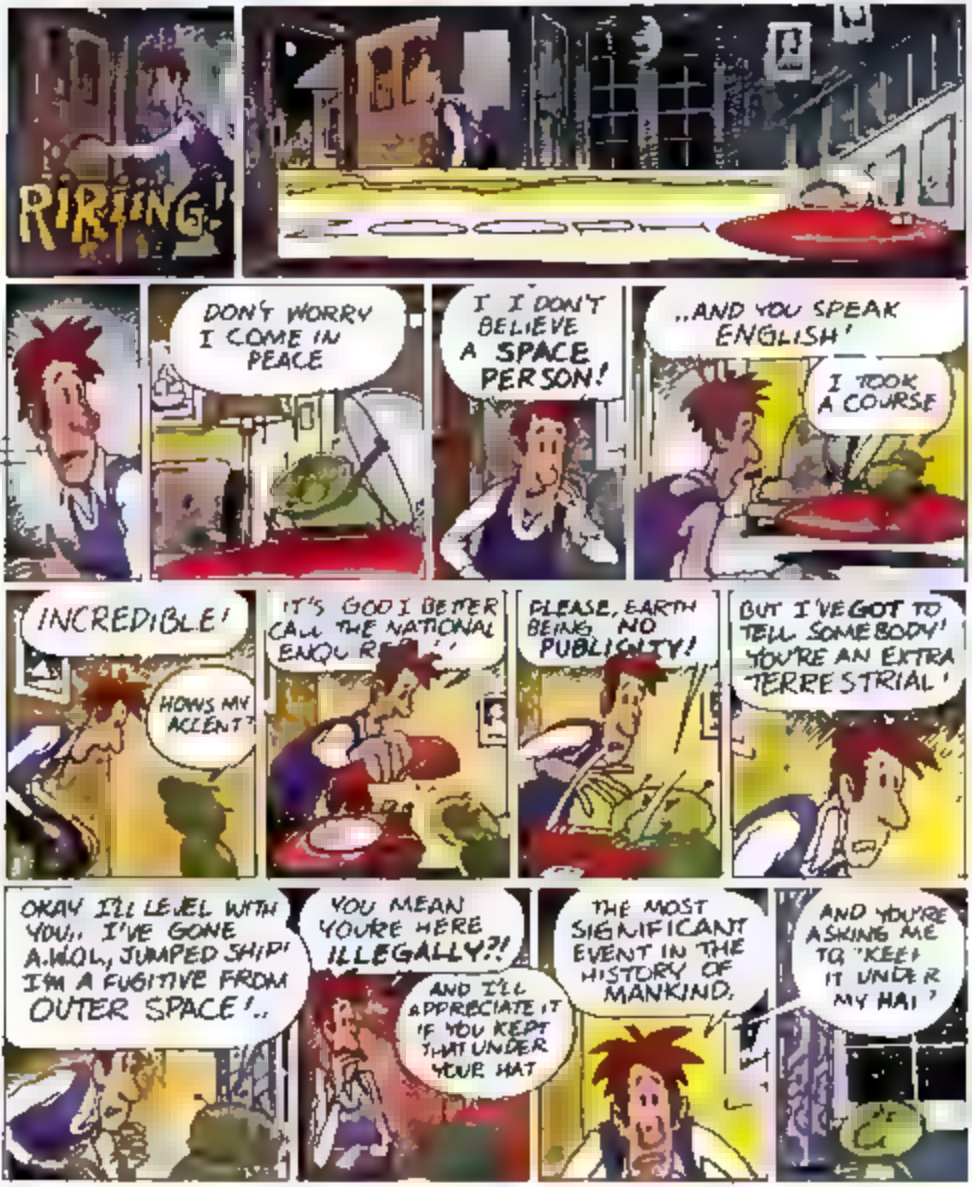
Fin

THE BUGLE

STU, WOULD YOU LIKE TO CARRY THE NEWSPAPER, THE BUGLE?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT LOOKS PRETTY SLEEPY, NO GRAPHICS OR LURID HEADLINES
I DO IT MYSELF IF YOU CARRY IT YOU CAN KEEP ALL THE PROFITS
OH, BIG, WHERE THE HELL
WELL, THE PAPER JUST DIE THERE YET EVERY MORNING HE'D BRING THE NEW ISSUE
YA NEED LURID HEAD LINES BID
THEN ONE DAY ATV PRESENTER LATE FOR WORK, PICKED UP THE BUGLE BY MISTAKE
HEY, THIS IS DOC DAVENPORT
HUMAN PRESIDENT ACCIDENTLY SHOOTS SELF
GOLD PRICES PLUMMET
RUSSIANS DEVELOP NEW SECRET WEAPON
HEY BOSS, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE ANY THING IN TONIGHT'S NEWS ABOUT THE PRESIDENTS ACCIDENT OR THE GOLD COLLAPSE OR THE NEW RUSSIAN SECRET WEAPON?
WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR CRAZY RUMORS?
WE HAVE SOME URGENT BULLETINS THE PRESIDENT HAS JUST SHOT HIS FOOT
ALSO, GOLD PRICES HAVE DROPPED SUDDENLY AND THE RUSSIAN'S HAVE JUST DEVELOPED A NEW SECRET WEAPON!

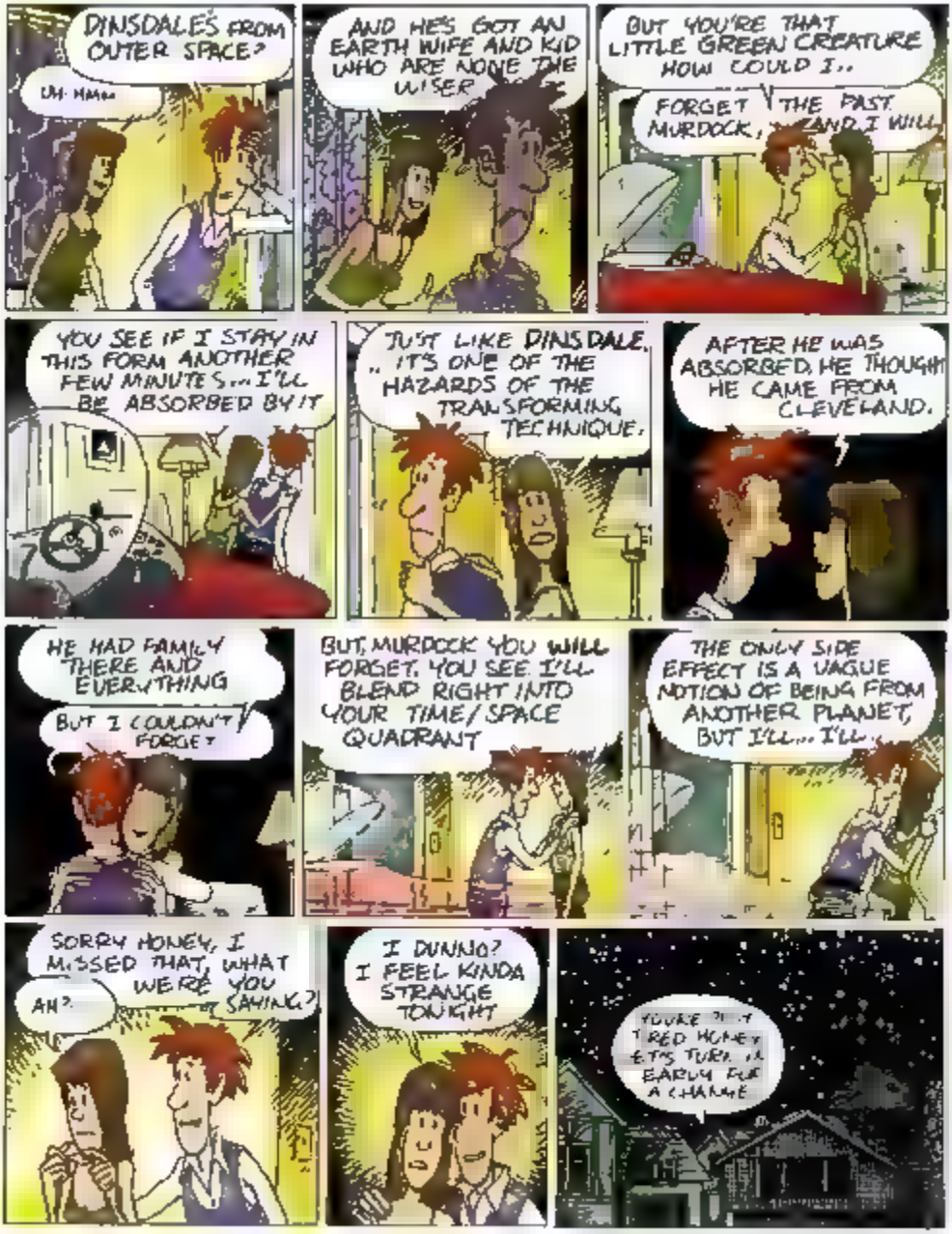

NOW HOW DID YOU KNOW THOSE THINGS WOULD HAPPEN?
THE EAGLE
FOLKS, THIS MORNING, I BOUGHT A PAPER HERE THAT PREDICTED ALL OF TODAY'S EVENTS ISN'T THAT RIGHT, STU?
YA. HE'S A YOUNG KID, COMES BY EACH MORNING AT 7:00
IF I COULD GET AHOLD OF THAT GUY, THINK OF THE POWER.
IF I COULD GET THAT GUY THINK OF THE MONEY
IF I COULD GET THAT GUY THINK OF THE STRATEGIC INFLUENCE
NEXT MORNING AT 7:00
THAT'S HIM!

SUBURBAN LOVE STORY

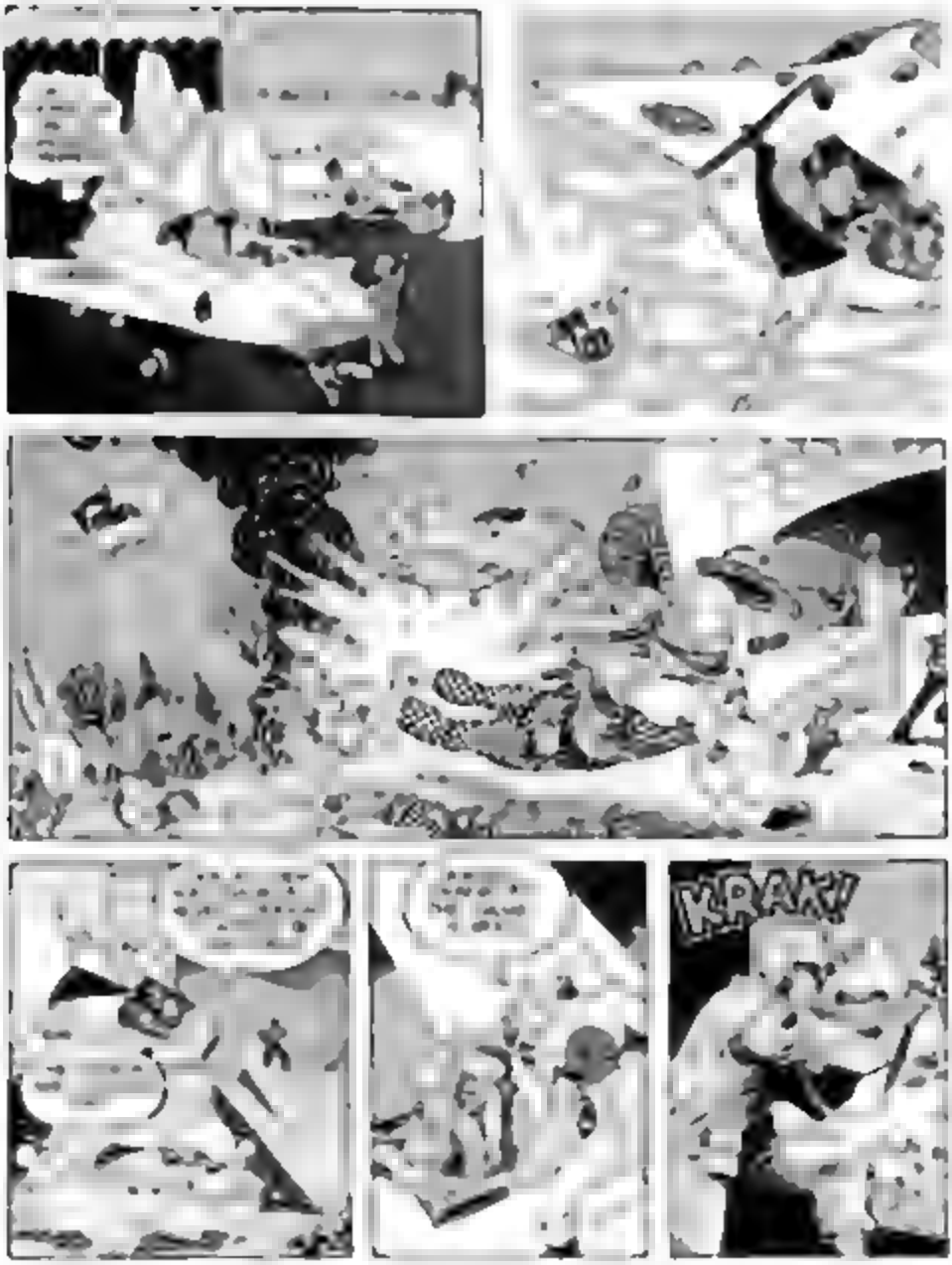

RIRING!
DON'T WORRY I COME IN PEACE
I I DON'T BELIEVE A SPACE PERSON!
..AND YOU SPEAK ENGLISH'
I TOOK A COURSE
INCREDIBLE!
HOWS MY ACCENT?
IT'S GOD I BETTER CALL THE NATIONAL ENQU R
PLEASE, EARTH BEING, NO PUBLICITY!
BUT I'VE GOT TO TELL SOMEBODY! YOU'RE AN EXTRA TERRESTRIAL!
OKAY I'LL LEVEL WITH YOU,, I'VE GONE A.W.O.L, JUMPED SHIP! I'M A FUGITIVE FROM OUTER SPACE'..
YOU MEAN YOURE HERE ILLEGALLY?!
AND I'LL APPRECIATE IT IF YOU KEPT THAT UNDER YOUR HAT
THE MOST SIGNIFICANT EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND.
AND YOU'RE ASKING ME TO 'KEEP IT UNDER MY HAT'

A CRACKPOT, HUH? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?!
MUH, MURDOCK
WELL, LISTEN, MUH-MURDOCK! IF MOTHER SHIP FINDS OUT I'M HERE..
THERE'S GONNA BE A LOTTA SCORCHED EARTH IN THE VICINITY
SCORCHED EARTH?..
JEEZZUS!
YOU GOT ANYTHING TO EAT AROUND HERE
COOL THIS IS A PRETTY NOSEY NEIGHBORHOOD. MAYBE YOU'D BE BETTER OFF IN WYOMING OR SOMEWHERE
FORGET THE NEIGHBORS, I'VE GOT THE POWER TO TRANSFORM MY SHAPE INTO ANY EARTH CREATURES.
WULLA WULLA WULLA
NO PROBLEM
RELAX MURDOCK YOU GOT ANY MUSTARD?
BIM THAT'S A PLANT IN THE ANTARCTIC
RRRRINGGG
DON'T ANSWER IT!
OH JEEZ! OH NO! OH GOD! IT'S THEM! OH JEEZ OH NO OHH..
WULLA WULLA WULLA
MURDOCK!
WULLA WULLA WULLA

THE DOOR WAS OPEN SO I...
RHODA?
WHO'S THAT!?!
I CAN EXPLAIN!
I CAN'T EXPLAIN.
HOWDY!
HONEY, COME BACK!
Y'KNOW MURDOCK, NOW THAT I SEE YOU THROUGH EARTH EYES...
I KNOW IT'S SUDDEN BUT... I THINK I LOVE YOU.
LOVE? LOVE! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LOVE? HA!!E, YOU'RE JUST A...
BOUT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN
HOLD ME!
NO THIS IS CRAZY! YOU'RE NOT A REAL WOMAN!
IN EVERY DETAIL
MURDOCK, LISTEN TO ME YOU KNOW TED DINSDALE? THE GUY WHO RUNS THE RECORD STORE AT THE SHOPPING CENTER?
HE'S A FUGITIVE TOO! WE'RE BOTH FROM THE SAME STAR CLUSTER


DINSDALE'S FROM OUTER SPACE?
UH- HMM
AND HE'S GOT AN EARTH WIFE AND KID WHO ARE NONE THE WISER
BUT YOU'RE THAT LITTLE GREEN CREATURE HOW COULD I..
FORGET THE PAST MURDOCK, AND I WILL
YOU SEE IF I STAY IN THIS FORM ANOTHER FEW MINUTES... I'LL BE ABSORBED BY IT
JUST LIKE DINSDALE, .. IT'S ONE OF THE HAZARDS OF THE TRANSFORMING TECHNIQUE.
AFTER HE WAS ABSORBED, HE THOUGHT HE CAME FROM CLEVELAND.
HE HAD FAMILY THERE AND EVERYTHING
BUT I COULDN'T FORGET
BUT, MURDOCK YOU WILL FORGET. YOU SEE I'LL BLEND RIGHT INTO YOUR TIME/SPACE QUADRANT
THE ONLY SIDE EFFECT IS A VAGUE NOTION OF BEING FROM ANOTHER PLANET, BUT I'LL... I'LL...
SORRY HONEY, I MISSED THAT, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?
AH?
I DUNNO? I FEEL KINDA STRANGE TONIGHT
YOU'RE TIRED HONEY IT'S TURN IN EARLY FOR A CHANGE

SEE SPOT RUN
BY DAN STEFAN
THIS TREE KNOWN FOR ITS CONSTANT PRODUCTION


KRAAK!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE YOU ASSHOLE
HEY SHIT! HURT YOU
KRAK!
HEY SHOT! UP HERE!
HEHEH!
HELP! YOUR REAL PLANT!

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Dear Ms. Simmons-Lynch:

I read with interest the [illegible] Dennis Bach [illegible] Mart [illegible] screed [illegible] stridency in the eighties. This is especially noticeable inasmuch as he [illegible] derived from earlier gay models. Plato's Retreat, in its first location in the Ansonia Hotel, was of course the continental baths [illegible] toy shop, the Hell Fire Club, located in a former gay bar, certainly takes a lot of its inspiration from the neighboring Mineshaft.

In the area of sexual revolution at least [illegible] same side of the barricades. Feminism is enlisting greater numbers, is probably the [illegible] with their own very special chrism to standard, preconceived ideas of maleness and [illegible] in the struggle against sexual stereotype. Mr. Black seems to have overlooked this.

[illegible]

You're perfectly right, of course, and David promises to expand his forum to include the very real influence the gay sensibility has had on eighties' criticism. —Ed.

Dear Editor:

HM has retained its high quality very [illegible] illustration on the Table of Contents page drawn by Louisville artist Bucky Montgomery. I would like to see much more of Bucky Montgomery's art in *HM*.

Bucky Montgomery
Louisville, Ky.

Pulleeze the lengthy some people will go to for brevity. Ah!—Ed.

What *HM*

I've had it. Why is it that every time I start enjoying a series in your magazine, it gets canned? I've been buying *HM* for over a year now and the one series I consistently [illegible]

Dalton R. Moreau
Kaiserslautern, W. Germany

Calm down, Dalt. You aren't the only one [illegible] Abrams's amazing stories and money on that dribbling artist is beginning to stem [illegible] indeed at work on further Tex strips, after being unconscionably delayed for months. Expect him back on the fall. —Ed.

Dear Editor:

While we were pleased to see Brad Balfour's qualifiedly positive review of *Elf Quest* [illegible] April we were distressed [illegible] seasoned [illegible] pejorative, choose a suitable verb—at his reference to Wendy Pini alone. We don't know where this bias comes from—perhaps it is simply art chauvinism at work—but it has appeared in other reviews of our work and as he *Elfquest* is, as we have stated repeatedly a [illegible]

Wendy and Richard Pini
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

[illegible] to both of you for the [illegible]

Dear Julie:

I'd like to play "I Shed I don't like" for a [illegible] much, not only that, I suspect they will sell magazines. I am amazed to see me saying this about the front cover, because I have for a long time believed that, as a group effort, the work of the Brothers Hildebrandt simply sucked dead snakes. A bunch [illegible] before their faces, and none of them acknowledging any existences but their own, and always in totally static attitudes. Leafing through the Ballantine profile I read that one of the brothers has some imagination and artistic ability, but his [illegible]

Jose Ma Dea Font: "Tales of the Galactic Inn") has one of the spiffiest illustrational [illegible] write? All the detail, including even some of the early dialogue, holds interest; the story is as devastatingly humorous as it is pictured, and the pervading vibe was [illegible] worse. Here I go to all the trouble of reading all those words, and all they do is trivialize the lovely artwork. What a tragic waste of talent!

I do wish poor old Richard Corben could take a year or two off and learn how to draw again. All steers back-work.

Zuras is another case of interestingly panels of artwork totally ruined by vapid [illegible]

The more I see of 'Cynthiola,' the less there seems to be to it. Does the whole thing add up to anything? The person sure haven't.

[illegible]
Decorah, Iowa

[illegible] immediately.

Ed: Richard C[illegible] *Illustrated* fantasy magazine not *Reader* [illegible] Bathos. *I think I deserve at* [illegible]

Bruno Quatzman
[illegible]

HM

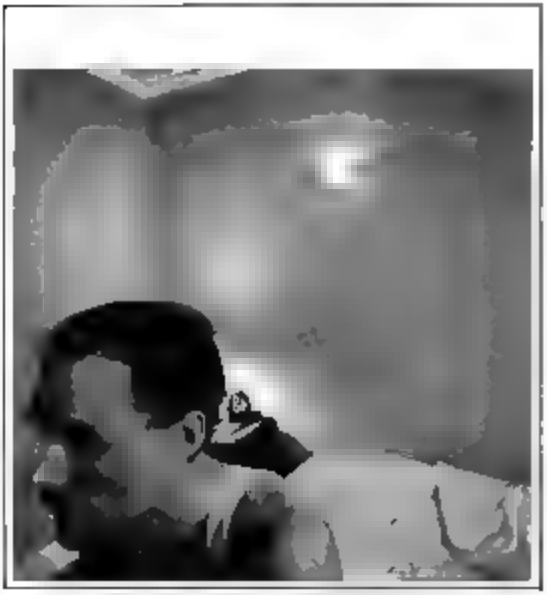
I have read your magazine from its first [illegible] decline in quality and taste. This is not my own personal value judgement (Oh, no!—Ed.), merely a reaction to having my intelligence repeatedly insulted. Specifically, I am referring to 'Shakespeare for Americans' in the last issue. Your showcase cartoon [illegible] American people. The impression is of one [illegible]

[illegible]

Enough. This letter drones on far right, but I think you get the point—much as Mr. Melsic doesn't. Do you also think Steven that Richard Pryor's caricatures truly represent American blacks? Does the word 'native' mean anything to you?—Ed.

Falling Eyelids

a foto novella



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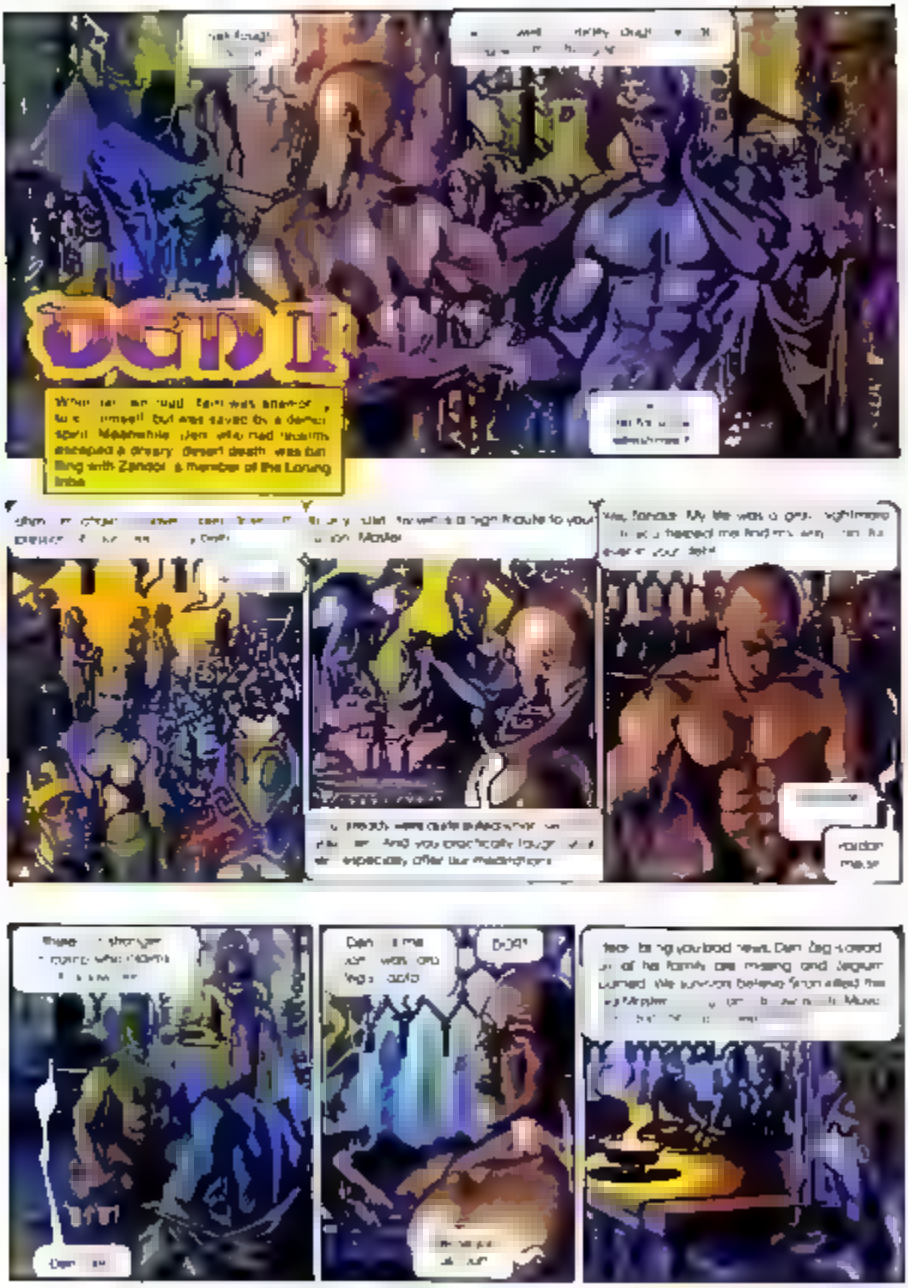
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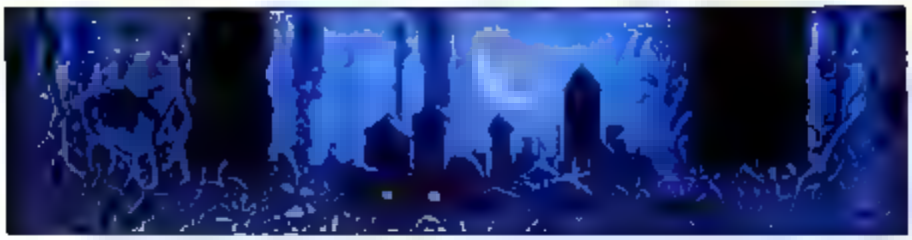
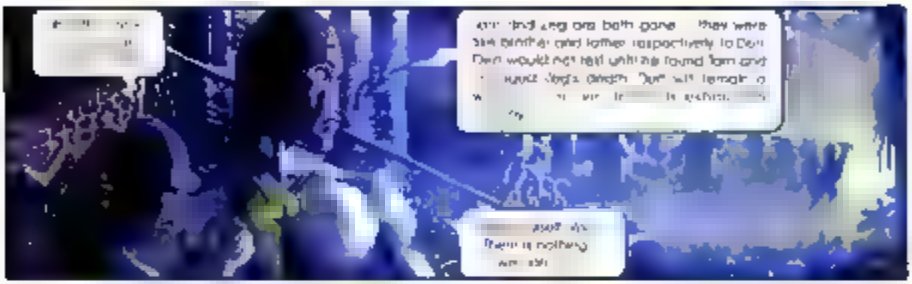
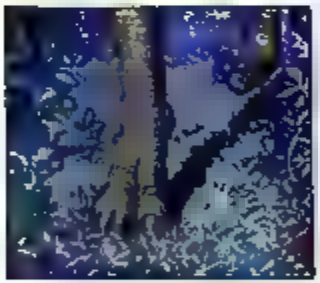
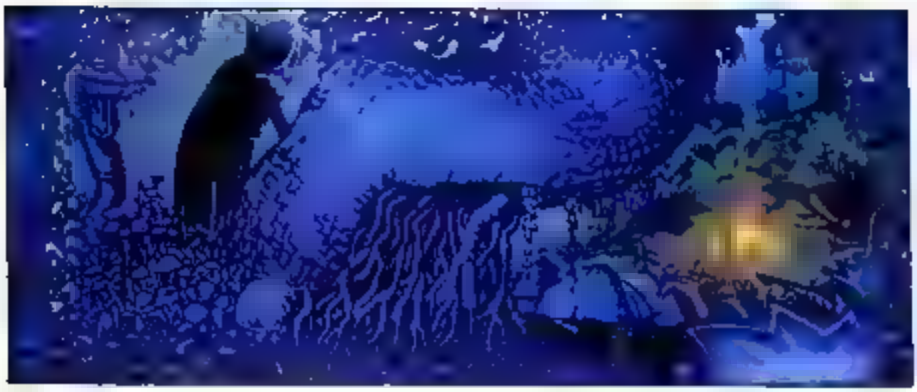
Zagdon
Master









AAAIEE!
NOH NO!

AAAAAA

I'M AGE

I'M SCARED ABOUT CUTTING OFF YOUR NOSE TO SPITE YOUR FACE, BUT WHERE WOULD YOU CUT?

I MEAN... I KNOW WHERE THE FLEA STOPS AND THE DOG BEGINS.

IF YOU CAN FIND A PLACE WHERE SOMETHING STOPS, I'M AFRAID IT MUST BE A PARASITE

BUT THEN, SOMETIMES I WONDER WHERE MY SKULL STOPS AND MY BRAIN BEGINS

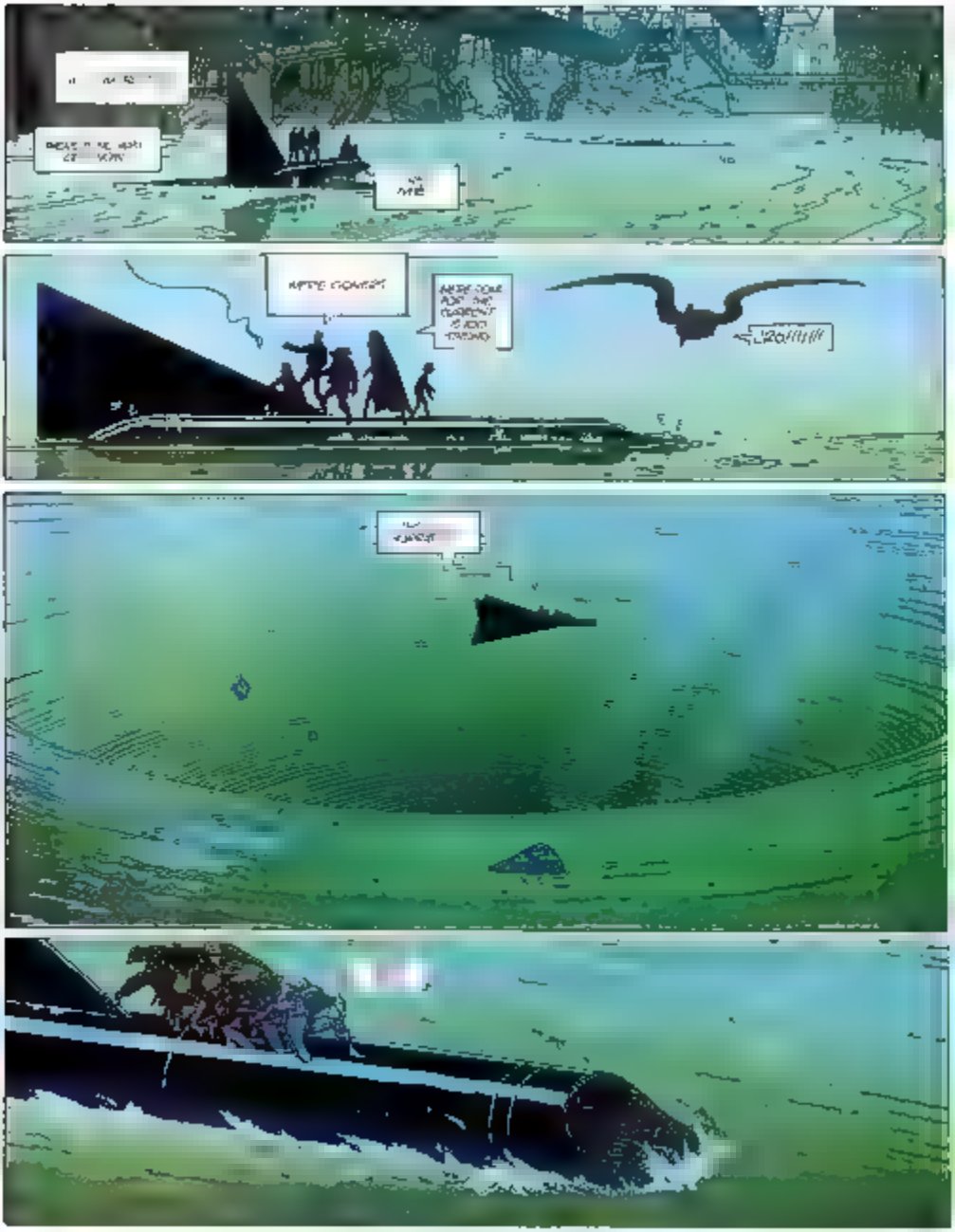
THE INCAL LIGHT

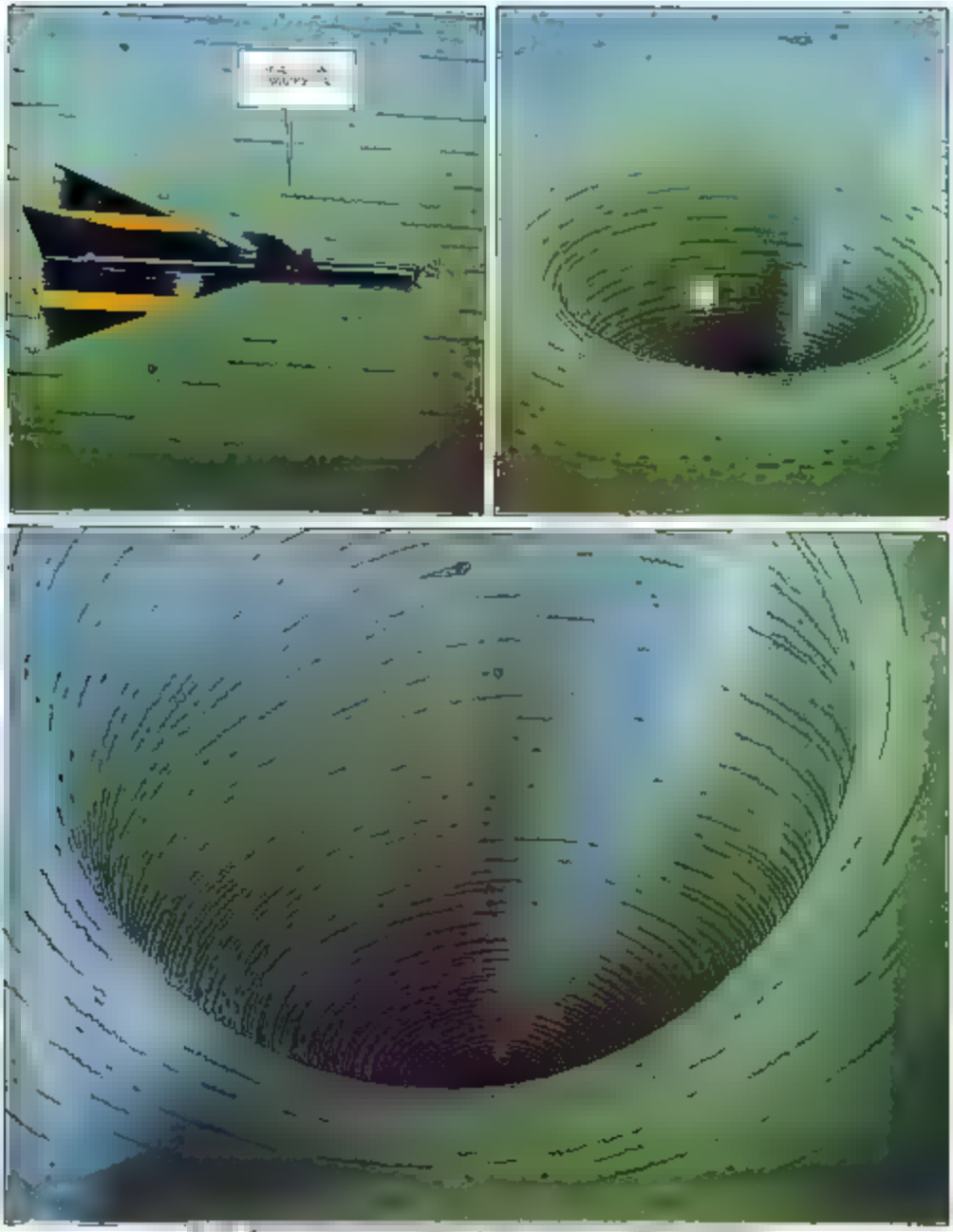
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY AND MOEBIUS
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND

BOOO

THAT'S NO MOON
THE CORPORATION ART... WHICH THE MAGNETIC WORKS WITH THE SUPERSTRUCTURE THEY BUILT FOR!
CRASH!
DARN! THE ACID IS EATING AWAY AT THE AIR INTERCHANGE!
AND THERE NEXT ALL THE CURRENT IS USED AS ENERGY WHICH WAY
WHO'S GOING THE ACID LAKE OVER?
OHH! THERE LOOK!

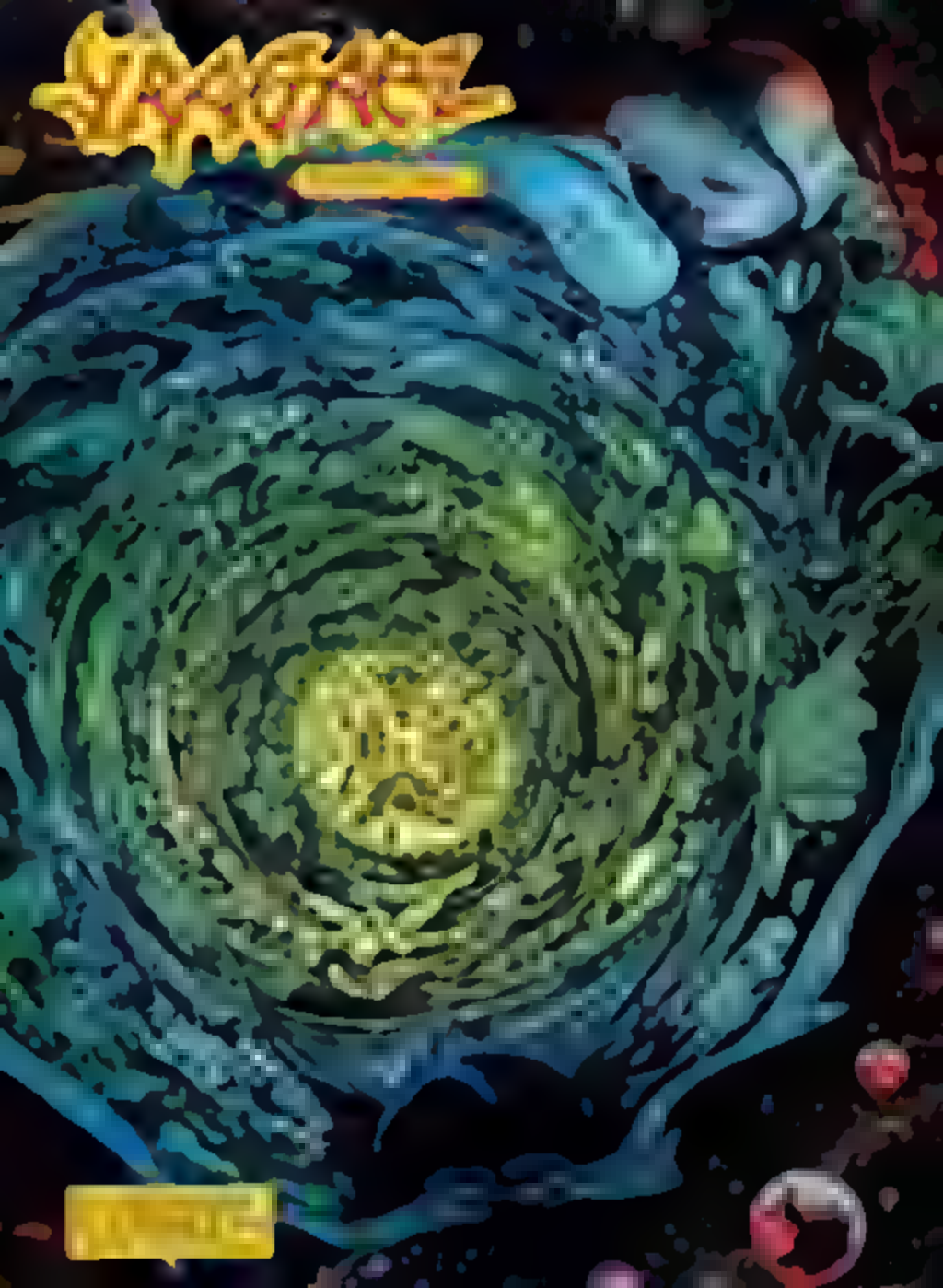


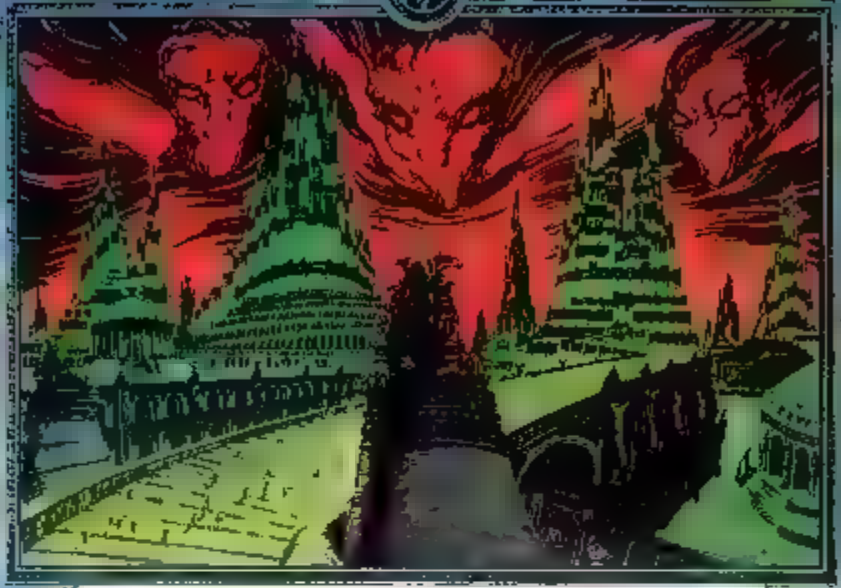


STORY AND ART FERNANDO FERNANDEZ

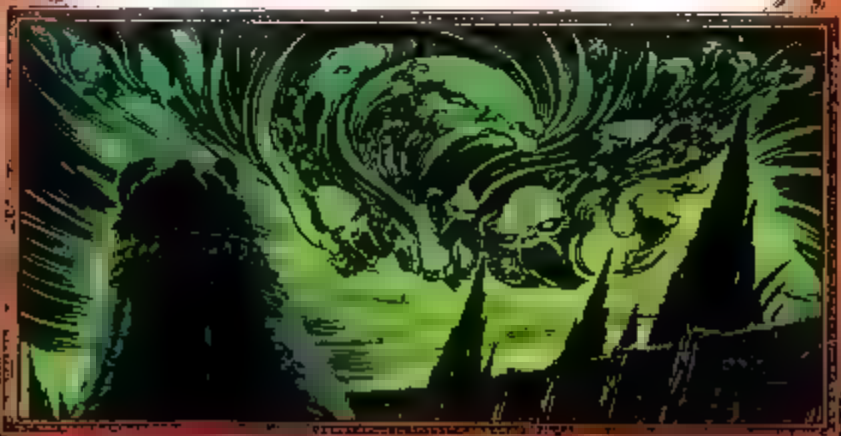
HOW CAN IT BE TO ANYONE OR ANYTHING WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE. SIGH!
OH, BROTHER! PRAISE THE LORD MOTHER
BRIGHT HEAVENS, GRANT THE WEATHERS SO THAT WE MAY OFFER THEIR SOULS TO HEAVEN! THE SACRIFICE FOR THOSE WHO DIE FOR THEY WILL BE WITH US AT THE FEAST! BRING ANIMOSITY NOW!

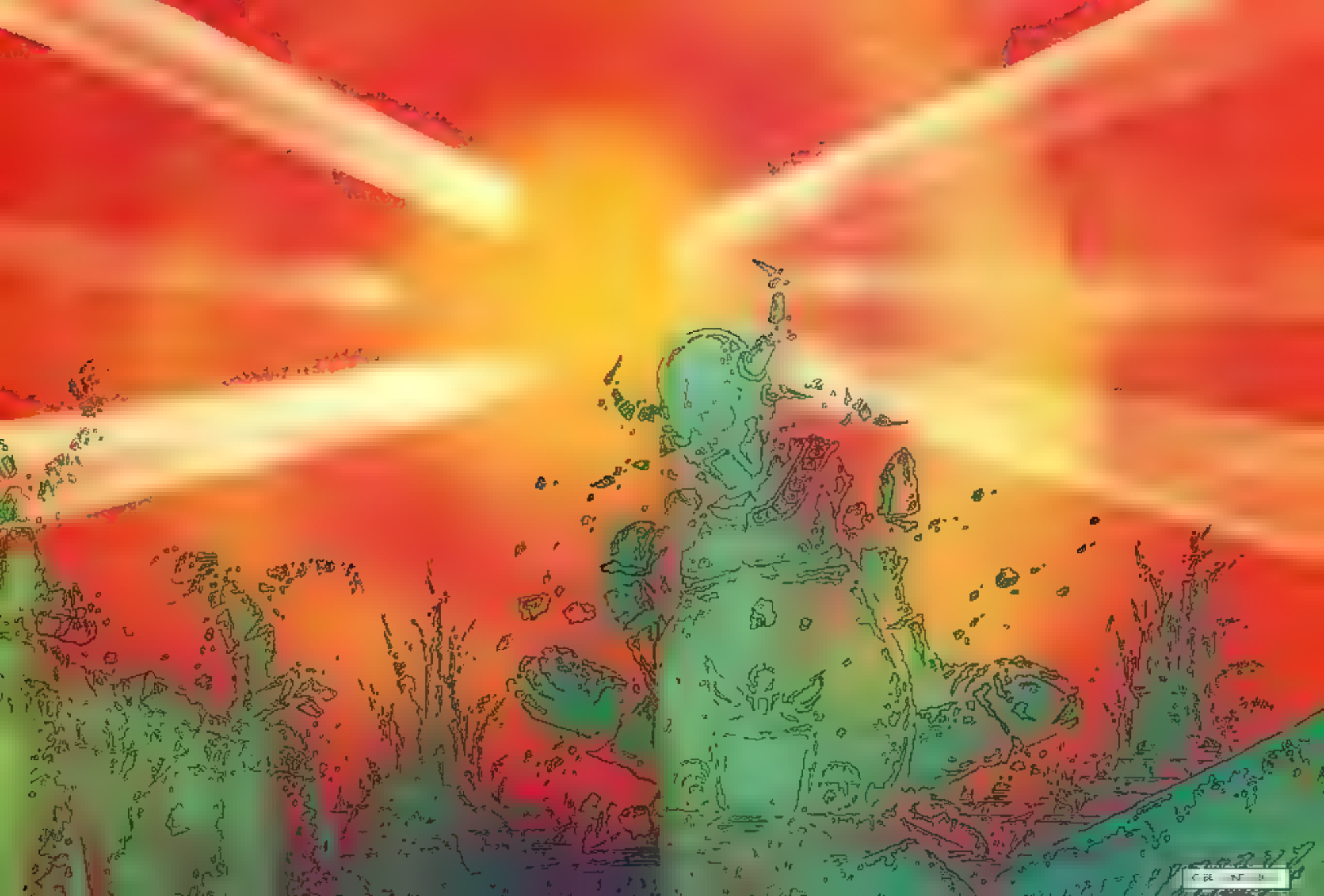
¡AY
¡NO!
¡GGGG





THEY ROARED. VOMITED
TORRENTS OF TITANIC FIREBRANDS.
STARS WOVEN OF THUNDER...
FALLS





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#1/APRIL 77 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 77 Russian astronauts Roger the bearded bubble! Con quering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE 77 Macedo's Rock biz highly praised Sheila be ginning of Devil's World Apart Moebius Corben Bode more

#4/JULY 77 Ode of Moebius' Ar zach part of The Long Tomor row conclusion of Sunpol

#5/AUGUST 77 The saga of Polonius begins The Long To morrow concludes and World Apart and Den continue

#6/SEPTEMBER 77 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more World Apart Den and Polonius

#7/OCTOBER 77 Fiction by Theo dore Sturgeon Moebius' Airtight Garage Den and Polonius back again yet more

#8/NOVEMBER 77 New Haitian Ethiopian fiction 9 color pages by Moe bius and Rimbaud conclusions to Polonius and World Apart

#9/DECEMBER 77 Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Weir plus full color Corben Mace do Clavelous and Moebius

#10/JANUARY 78 Morrow illus trates Zelazny tale and Richard up date issues Conquering Armies concludes Den continues

#11/FEBRUARY 78 New adven tures of Barbarella wraparound cover and artist spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al

#12/MARCH 78 Swashbuckling Orion debuts birthday of Grey Mouser more Barbarella Urm and Den

#13/APRIL 78 Our 1st annual sary issue A 30 page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella goes both while Den wraps up

#14/MAY 78 Jim he Mad wizard Bradbury Sul Orion and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino tops his hat

#15/JUNE 78 Corben introduces Sharkwrack Sul pendragon class More Than Human illustrated more Barbarella and the pilgrim of Hadrian

#16/JULY 78 A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996 resurrection of Druillet's Gail more Heliman Orion More Than Human and Corben's Arabian Nights

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#18/SEPTEMBER 78 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER 78 Exterminator 17 Ellison's illustrated Glass Golden debut of McKie's So Beau tiful and So Dangerous plus usual

#20 NOVEMBER 78 Twenty pages of the Beauty Chaykin Em pire from Sindbad Exterminator Major Grubert Heliman's final rebirth more

#21/DECEMBER 78 The stock ing's full with Orion Kirchner's Tarot and 2 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22. JANUARY 79 Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes Gail plus McKie and Corben How much are you take?

#23/FEBRUARY 79 Galactic Geographic Starchart Cor ben's Sindbad McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus Moebius Beal and Macedo

#24/MARCH 79 Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination Superdown II and Ellison's radio show

#25/APRIL 79 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY 79 It's all American issue kept for Druillet's Dance and a Proust joke! 15 entries including Corben Morrow the Illustrated Angel

#27/JUNE 79 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY 79 Rodez's Zoetz premieres Corben's Sindbad con cludes Mark Hunge debuts

#29. AUGUST 79 Cara star's show with New Ark City plus Mayerik Suydam Galactic Gad grabber Bode more

#30/SEPTEMBER 79 Elric Buck Rogers a lizard named Elvis and little Red V-3 along side Montalbar and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER 79 A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius Breccia Druillet Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER 79 Let's give thanks for Corben's Road Bode's Zoetz Brunner's Elric Chay kin's The Stars My Destination Moebius and more

#33/DECEMBER 79 A Christmas package from Cara Corben Ka foed Suydam Shiel Tara Mow bius and Ellison plus Gnomes and Giants

#34/JANUARY 80 A new year new decade begins with new look for HM with debut of 4 new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan conclusion of Corben's Road and much more

#35/FEBRUARY 80 An eerie Chaykin cover adorns this winter is sue Corben's The Beast of Wall ton begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Mark How ard on a weird trip

#36/MARCH 80 Why did The Creature take Jeanette? Read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Cor ben Mahfood Moebius and Lee Marrs's Good Vibrations

#37/APRIL 80 Our 3rd annual sary issue 72 pages of Champa gne in living color Heavy installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage plus Cara Bode Howarth Corben Bode and more

#38/MAY 80 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Jole ever find out? Will Chamaeleon reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? We'll never tell

#39/JUNE 80 Champakou meets his fate while Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY 80 The Alchemist Su preme continues Arzak learns truth about Sedelkich Mutter Beal's Prog ress begins and Moebius returns with Shore leave

#41/AUGUST 80 Druillet returns with the Ultimatums of Solamn bo while Moebius concludes Shore leave and a marvelous Beal continues Progress!

#42/SEPTEMBER 80 The Al chemist Supreme concludes while Beal's Progress gears up steam Crime Color Paul Kirchner Leo Dil ando contribute nifty shorts while Rock Opera gets stranger yet

#43. OCTOBER 80 Our Special Rock issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius Vess Sean Druil let Vosatka Hé Howarth Kiekla gaard Ji Coon and Malerba and not to be missed!

#44/NOVEMBER 80 With he Shogun spirit ablaze this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is def initely in its element Inside we give you some lovely Corben Moeb us Kakuta Sampayo and Beal

#45/DECEMBER 80 Plumbing Corben's illustrated Bloodstar Creepy's valentine and Godard and Ribera's What's Reality Papa Plus The Curse of the Frog Rock Opera and Moebius

#46/JANUARY 81 Jeronimo returns with Woman Don Wood makes his HM debut with Gang Hah Plus more Corben Godard and Ribera Marazano and Rock Opera Moebius tells us There's a Prince Charming on Phenacon!

#47/FEBRUARY 81 William S Burroughs discusses Corben De fense while The Horny Goof an inimitable Moebius character gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction Pages from Jeff Jones's Yesterdays in and an in terview with the man himself

#48/MARCH 81 The Arcana John Findley's epic Western be

Photocopy Back Issues

ging. What is Ripley Pearl? and The Ambassador of the Shadows by Richard Corben's interpretation of Flaubert's classic Salammbo and Phyllis Marilyn Elliott's prayer made as Salvation's Army in America.

#49/APRIL 82 Art and the Nazis: Corben's Bloodrider Chronicles, Grand Day Border, Harry Harrison's Stories from London and an interview with June Roberta Dietz. Plus we could go on and on and on.

#50/MAY 82 Portraits of Craig Shaw's Cody Starbuck and Brad Foster's The Immortal Fatal Pick Supreme. Plus Tan Bridge and William S. Burroughs: an unlikely pair.

#51/JUNE 82 The all-star pin-up Richard Corben interview. Jon Sable Freelance adaptation of Richard Howard's Changes winds up. Plus Cage, Ghostbusters, Grimjack and Jon Workman!

#52/JULY 82 Stephen King isn't fun with "The Blue Air Compressor." Stephen's adaptation of Dan Hand continues while Chris Wood's fantastic debut continues all up.

#53/AUGUST 82 Spurred on the Immortal Weapons, the 3rd part of the Corben interview runs a 16 page pullout section on making the Heavy Metal movie.

#54/SEPTEMBER 82 Corben's Den II, Jan Jones's "Mage," Juan Giménez's "Metamorphosis of Arnold" and Tom Veitch's new work with the Masters of Horror.

#55/OCTOBER 82 Shakespeare in Americans, an episode of Sienkiewicz's Mercenary, a gallery section devoted to Druillet plus an Jones, Beal and Sienkiewicz.

#56/NOVEMBER 82 Jean-Pierre Egg of the World, Jeff Jones's Sequentials and Beal at home, the art of Love and Death Dungeonquest.

#57/DECEMBER 82 Strange encounters with Debbie Hein, Jeffrey Jones, Sequentials and Corben. Plus odd ending to "The Inevitable Fate."

#58/JANUARY 83 Our "Heavy Future" issue includes Arnold Lobel's "Mice Me and G-Bon and The Autonomous Man" by Dave Chadview and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson Sequentials, Sienkiewicz etc.

#59/FEBRUARY 83 Begins with a thirteen adventure of John Blake: The Incal Light. Wrap and Chaykin's "Galaxy Fauss" gets going again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Sienkiewicz et al.

#60/MARCH 83 Our 5th Special Book issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Day in the Day," a surrealist look at the life of John Lennon, Lee Gibbon's "Nova 3" begins. Elliott Maraby brings us the Pink Cadillac plus our regulars. Mercenary, Den, Rock Opera, etc. Enjoy.

#61/APRIL 83 Our 5th annual story issue offers a variety of treats! What with Chaykin, Druillet, Moebius, Beal and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be hearing out of it!

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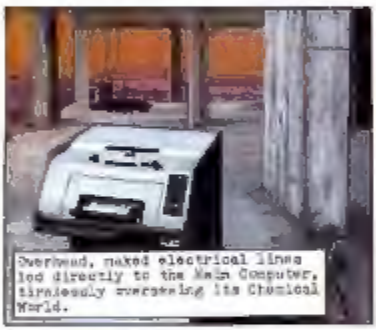
ROCK OPERETTA

We abandoned the effort and climbed onto an overpass to gaze at the city. We watched as it sailed away to a squat collection of concrete shells and muddy trenches.

gravel roads and railroad tracks where gangs of robots trotted, occasionally escorting some grinning, drooling prisoner.



So the whole city--our condos, our jobs--were just part of a real estate venture by the Deva.
What a low-budget production--they just used hallucinogens for most of it!

The element of the landscape was real enough, though; across the freeway, the rocket ship carrying Adeline off on her interstellar cruise with Bill S. Bub stood gleaming on its launch-pad...

TO BE CONTINUED...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©

BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE

FREE T-SHIRT!

TAKE 1 FREE WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY! GET INSTANT RESPECT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE NOT NICE T-SHIRTS! 1 BEAM ME UP SCOTTY. THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE 2 SUCK EM 3 THE CAN'T MAKE IT GREAT SPIRIT 4 DRINK BEER 5 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 6 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 7 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 8 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 9 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 10 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 11 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 12 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 13 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 14 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 15 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 16 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 17 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 18 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 19 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 20 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 21 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 22 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 23 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 24 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 25 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 26 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 27 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 28 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 29 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 30 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 31 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 32 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 33 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 34 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 35 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 36 I'M SORRY I DON'T SEE IT 37 I'M SORRY I 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